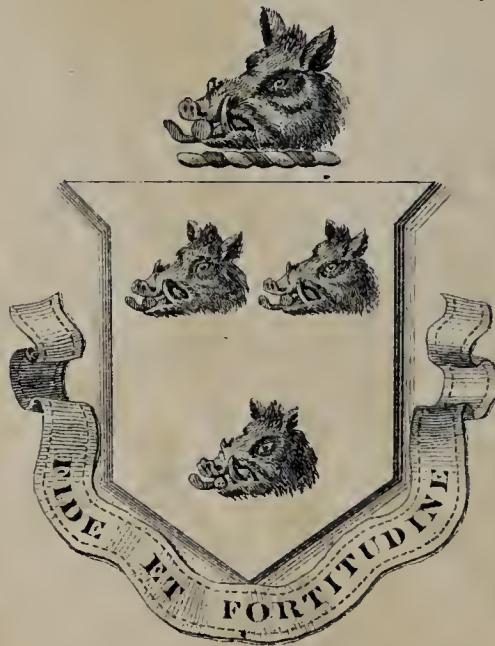




Accessions  
151,540

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*Barton Library*

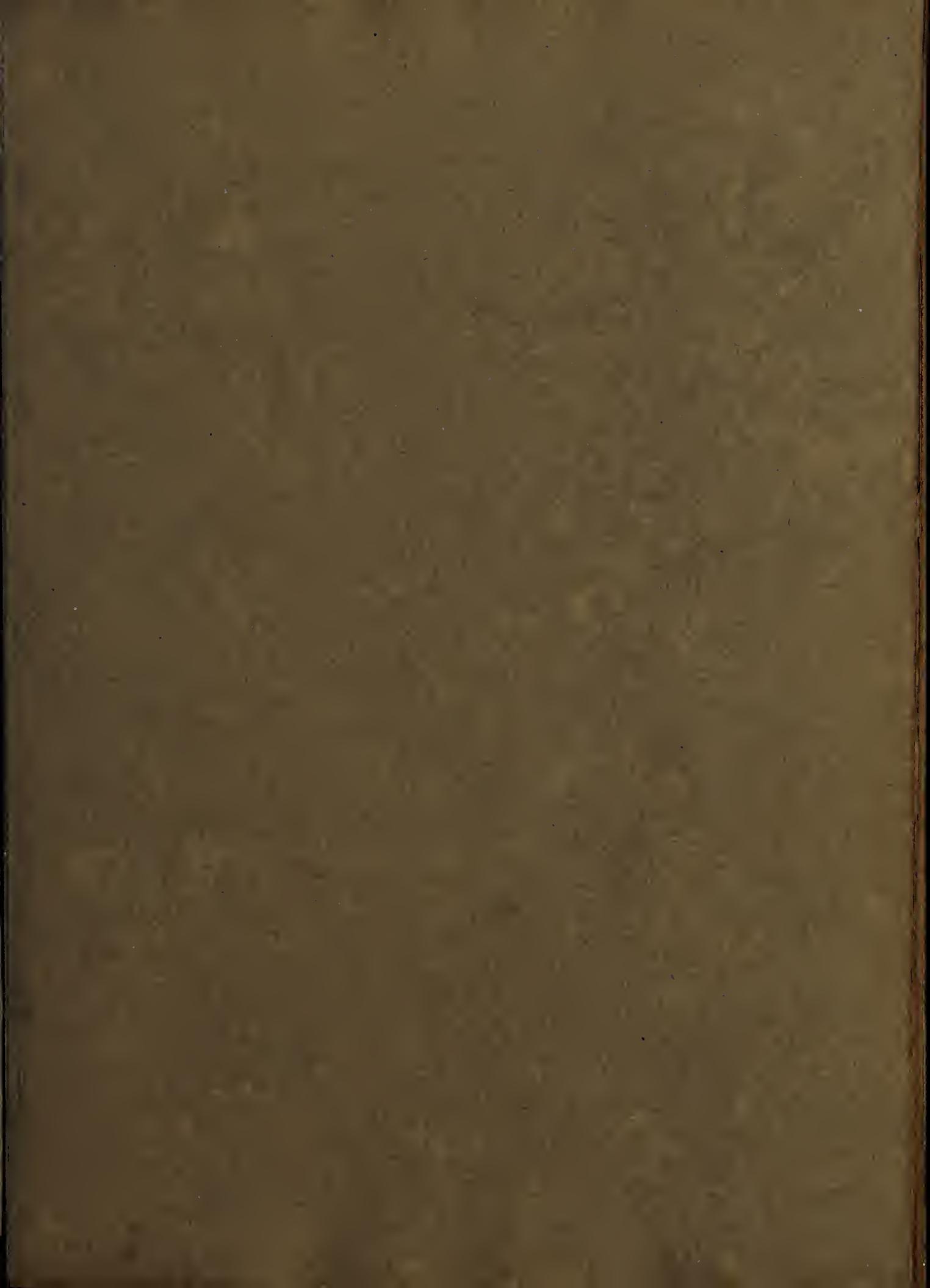


*Thomas Pennant Barton.*

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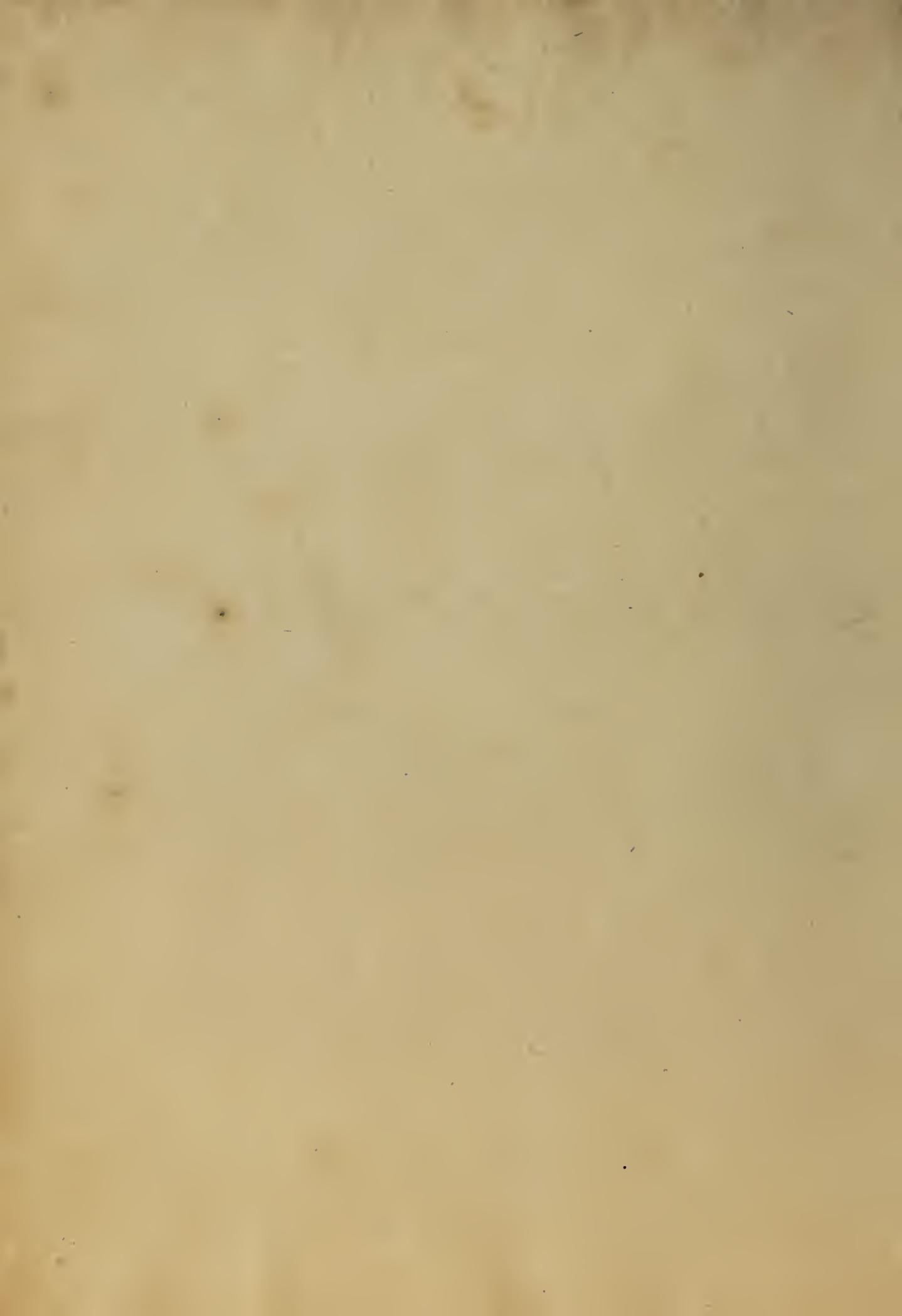
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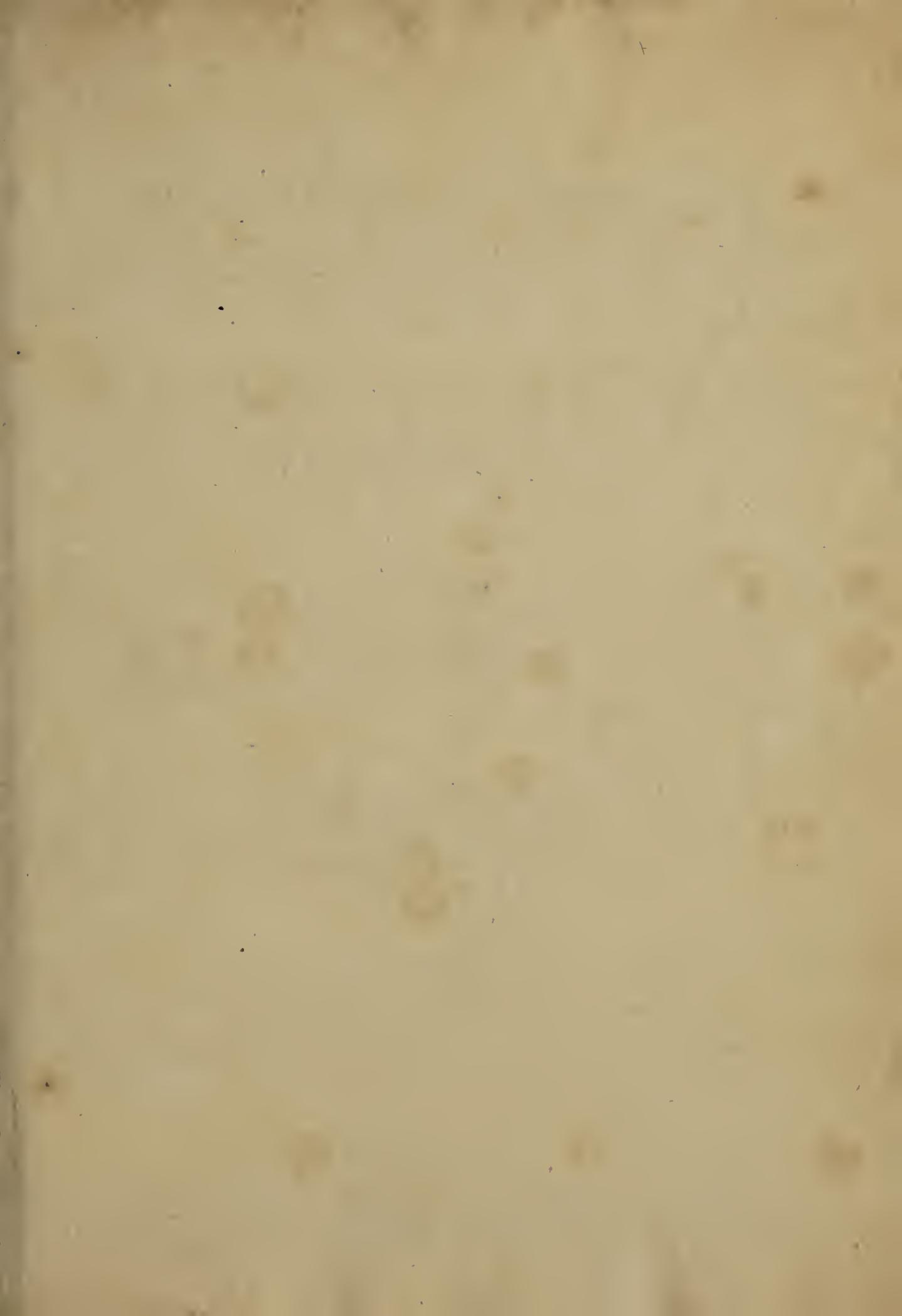
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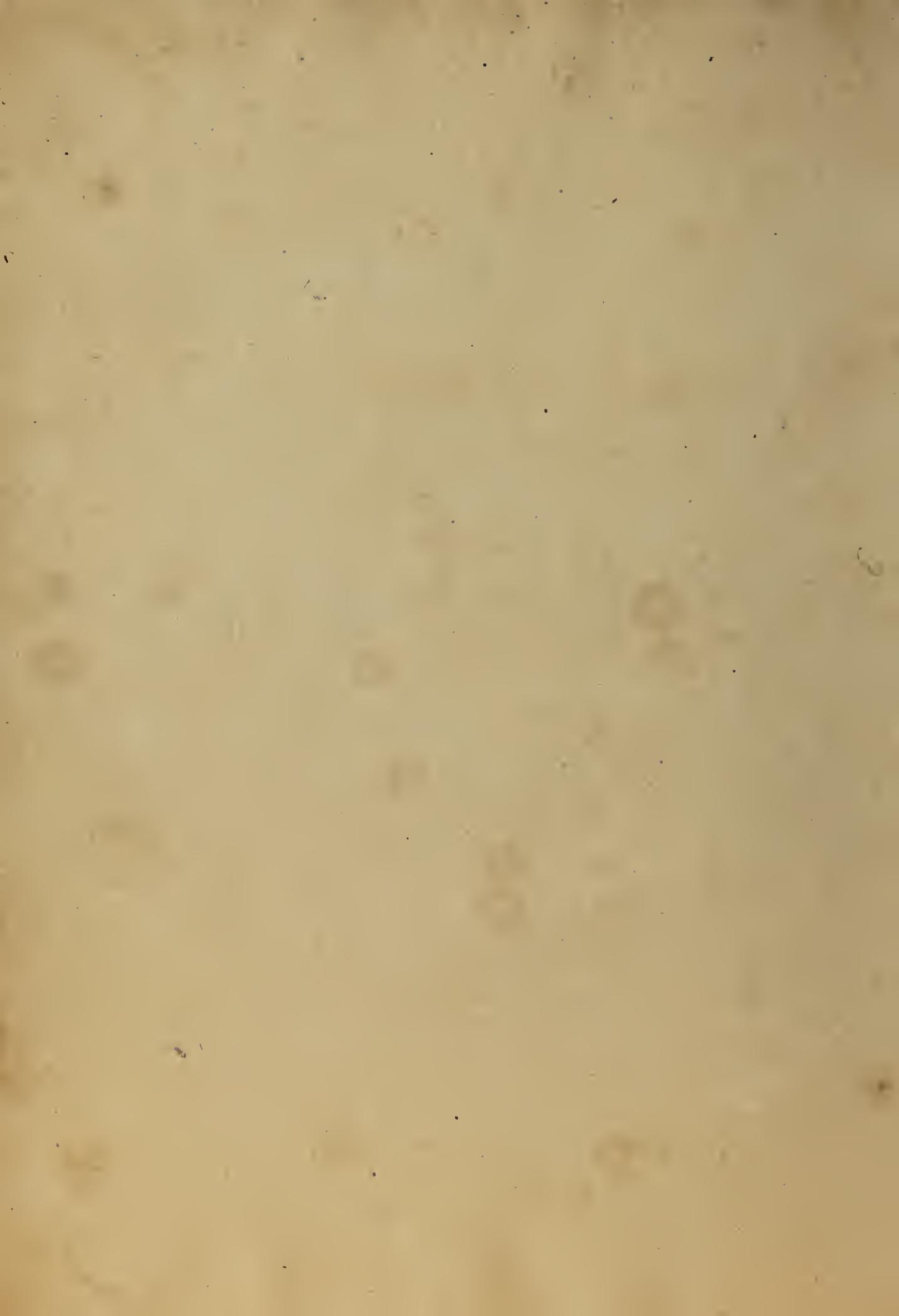


796









10.

A  
Pleasant Comedie,  
Called  
VVILY BEGVILDE

The chief Actors are these:

A { *Poor Scholler,*  
*Rich Fool,*  
and a  
*Knave at a shifte.*

---



L O N D O N ,

Printed for *William Gilbertson*, and are to be sold at his  
Shop at the Sign of the Bible in *Gilt-spur-street*  
without New-gate.

157,540  
Aug. 1873

Gripe, an Userer.  
Ploddal, a Farmer.  
Sophos, a Scholler.  
Churms, a Lawyer.  
Robin-good, fellow.  
Fortunatus, Gripe's Son.  
Lelia, Gripe's Daughter.  
Nurse.

Peter Ploddal, Ploddal's Son.  
Peg, Nurses Daughter.  
Will, Cricket.  
Mother Midnight.  
An old Man.  
Silvanus.  
Clark.

# SPECTRUM.

## The Prologue.

What ho, where are these paltry Players? still pooring in their Papers, and never perfect? for shame come forth your Audience stay so long, their eyes wax dim with expectation.

Enter one of the Players.

How now my honest Rogue, what Play shall we have here to night?  
Play. Sir, you may look upon the Title.

Pro. What Spectrum once again? Why noble Cerberus, nothing but Patch-pannell stuffe, old Gally-mawfries and Cotten-kandle eloquence? Out you bawling Bandog foxfur'd slave, you dryed Stock-fish you, out of my sight.

Exit the Player.

Well, 'tis no matter: Ile sit me down and see it, and for fault of a better, Ile supply the place of a scurvy Prologue.  
Spectrum is a looking glasse indeed,  
Wherin a man a History may read  
Of base conceiis, and damned roguery:  
The very sink of hell-bred villany.

Enter a Jugler.

Jug: Why ho! now my bumerous George? what as melancholly as a Mantletree?

Will you see any tricks of Legerdemain, slight of hand, cleanly conveyance, or Deception visus? what will you see Gentleman, to

# THE PROLOGUE.

Pro. Out you Souſt-Gurnet, you Wooll-fist, be gone I say, and bid the Players dispatch and come quickly: and tell their fiery Poet, that before I have done with him, Ile make him do penance upon a stage in a Calfes skin.

Jug. O Lord, sir, yee are deceived in me, I am no tale carrier; I am a Jugler.

I have the ſuperficial ſkill of all the ſeven liberal Sciences at my fingers end.

Ile ſhew a trick of the twelves, and turn him over the thumbs with a trice.

Ile make him fly ſwifter then meditation.

Ile ſhew you as many toyes, as their be minutes in a moneth, and as many tricks as their be motes in the ſun.

Pro. Prethee what tricks canſt thou do?

Jug. Marry ſir, I will ſhew you a trick of cleanly conveyance.

Hey fortuna furim nunquam credo, with a caſt of clean conveyance: come a loſt Jack for thy Masters advantage (hee's gone I warrant ye, ſ) Spectrum is conveyed away, and Wily-beguilde stands in the place of it.

Pro. Mas and 'tis well done: now I ſee thou canſt do ſomething. Hold thee, their is twelue pence for thy labour: Go to that Brain-froth Poet, and to him ſay, He hath quite loſt the Title of his Play, His Calf-skin jests from hence are clean exil'd, Thus once you ſee that Wily is beguilde. Exit the Jugler.

Pro. Now kind ſpectators I dare boldly ſay, You are all welcome to our Authors Play: Be ſtill a while, and ere we go, Wee'l make your eyes with laughter flow. Let Momus mates judge how they liſt, We fear not what they babble, Nor any paltry Poets Pen, Amongſt that rafeal rabble, But time forbids me further ſpeech, My tongue muſt ſtop her race: My time is come, I muſt be dumbe, And give the Actors place.

Exit.

Wily



# VVILY BEGVILDE.

Enter *Gripe solus.*

**A** Heavy purse makes a light heart: Oh the consideration of this Pouch, this Pouch!

Why, he that has money, has hearts ease, and the world in a string.

O this rich chink, and silver Coyn, it is the consolation of the world.

I can sit at home quietly in my chamber, and send out my Angels by Sea and by Land, and bid fly villains, and fetch in ten in the hundred: I, and a better penny too. Let me see, I have but two Children in all the world to bestow my goods upon, *Fern-natus* my son, and *Lelia* my daughter: For my son he follows the Wars, and that which he gets with swaggering, he spends in swaggering: But i'le curb him, his allowance whilst I live, shall be smal, and so he shall be sure not to spend much: and if I die, I will leave him a portion, that (if he be a good husband and follow his fathers steps) shall maintain him like a Gentleman: and if he will not, let him fol ow his own humour till he be weary of it, and so let him go. Now for my daughter she is my onely joy, and the staffe of my age, and I have bestowed good bringing up of her (barlady:) why she is eue modesty it selfe, it dos me good to look on her. Now if I can hearken out some wealthy marriage for her. I have my onely desire.

Mas, and well remembred, here's my neighbour *Ploddal* hard by, has but one only son and (let me see) I take it, his Lands are beter than five thousand pounds, now if I can make a match between his son and my daughter, and so join his land and money together, O twil be a blessed Union. Well, Ile in, and get a scrivener: Ile write to him about it presently. But stay here comes Master *Churms* the Lawyer, Ile desire him to do so much.

Enter *Churms.*

*Churms* Good morrow M. *Gripe.*

*Gripe.* O good morrow M. *Churms.*

## WILY BEG VILDE.

What say my two debtors, that I lent 120. pounds to?  
Will they not pay use, and charges of suit?

*Churms.* Faith sir, I doubt they are bankrouts :  
I would you had your principal.

*Gripe.* Nay, Ile have all, or ile imprison their bodies.  
But M. *Churms* there is a matter I would fain have you do but  
you must be very secret.

*Churms.* O sir, fear not that, Ile warrant you.

*Gripe.* Why then this it is, My neighbour *Ploddall* herby, you  
know is a man of very fair land, and he has but one son, upon  
whom he means to bestow all he has : Now I would make a  
match between my daughter *Lelia* and him: what think you of it?

*Churms* Marry I think 'twould be a good match : but the  
young man has had very simple bringing up.

*Gripe.* Tush, what care I for that, so he have land and livings  
enough? my daughter has bringing up, will serve them both.  
Now I would have you to write me a Letter to Goodman *Plod-*  
*dal* concerning this matter, and Ile please you for your pains.

*Churms.* Ile warrant you sir, Ile do it artificially.

*Gripe* Do good *M. Churms*: but be very secret. I have some bu-  
siness this morning, and therefore Ile leave you a while : and if  
you will come to dinner to me anon, you shall be very heartily  
welcome.

*Exit Gripe.*

*Churms.* Thankes good sir, Ile trouble you.  
Now 'twere a good jest, if I could couzen the old *Churle* of his  
daughter and get the wench my self.

Gentlemen I am as proper a man as *Peter Ploddall*: and  
though his father be as good a man as mine, yet far fetcht and  
dear bought is good for *Ladies*, and I am sure I have been as far  
as *Cales*, to fetch that I have.

I have been at *Cambridge* a Scholler, at *Cales* a souldier; and now  
in the Country a Lawyer, and the next degree shal be a Conicat-  
cher.

For Ile go near to couzen old father share-penny of his daugh-  
ter : ile cast about ile warrant him ;  
Ile go dine with him ; and write him this Letter:

And then Ile seek out my kind companion *Robin Good-fellow*  
and betwixt us weel make her yeild to any thing. Wee'll ha th:  
common Law oth one hand, and the civil Law oth tother:

## WILY BEGUILDE.

Enter old Ploddall, and his son Peter, an old man  
Ploddals Tenant, and Will Criker his son.

Ploddal. Ah Tenant, an ill husband (berlady;) thrice at thy house, and never at home?

You know my minde: will you give ten shillings more rent?  
I must discharge you else.

Oldman. Alas Landlord, will you undoe me? I sit of a great rent already, and am very poor.

Will. Cr. Very poor? y'are a very Ass. Lord, how my stomach wambles at the same word, very poor!

Father, if you love your son William, never name that same word very poor:

For Ile stand to it, that t's pettilasseny to name very poor, to a man that's oth top of his marriage.

Oldman. Why son, art oth top of thy marriage? to whom I prethee?

Will. Marry to pretty Pegge, mistress Lelias nurses daughter.

O, tis the daprest Wench that ever danc'd after a Taber and Pipe:

For she will so heel it, and toe it, and trip it;  
O her buttocks will quake like a Custard.

P. Ploddall. Why William, when were you there?

Will. O, Peter, does your mouth water at that?

Truly I was never with her, but I know I shall speed,

For tother day she lookt on me and laught, and that's a good sign (ye know) and therefore old Silver-top, never talke of charging or discharging.

For I tell you I am my fathers heire and if you discharge me, Ile discharge my pestilence at you. For to let my house before my leaſt be out, is cut-throatery; and to scrape for more rent, is pole penury.

And so fare-you-well, good Gransire Usury: come father lets be gone.

Exeunt Will, and his father.

Ploddall. Well, Ile make the beggerly knaves to packe for this: Ile have it every cross, income, and rent to. { Enter Chur. But stay, here comes one: O, 'tis M. Churms. } with a let. I hope he brings me some good news.

M. Churms, Y are well met, I am e'en almost starv'd for mony.

WILY BEG VILDE.

You must take some speedy course vwith my Tenants: they<sup>ll</sup> not pay.

*Churms.* Faith sir, they are grown to be captious knaves.  
But Ile move them with a *Habeas Corpus.*

*Plod.* Do good M. *Churms*, or use any other villanous course shall please you.

But what news abroad?

*Churms.* Faith little news: But here's a Letter which M. *Gripe* desired me to deliver you. And though it stands not with my reputation, to be a carrier of Letters, yet not knowing how much it might concern you, I thought it better something to abase my self, than you should be any ways hindered.

*Ploddall.* Thanks good sir; and Ile in and read it.

*Exeunt Ploddall and his son.*

*Manet Churms.*

*Churms.* Thus men of reach must look to live,  
I cry content, and murder where I kisse.

*Gripe* takes me for his faithful friend,  
Impartes to me the secrets of his heart;  
And *Ploddall* thinks I am as true a friend,  
To every enterprise he takes in hand,  
As ever breath'd under the cope of heaven:  
But whip me if they find it so.

All this makes for my availe,  
Ile ha the wench my self, or else my wits shall fail.

Exit.

*Enter Lelia and Nurse gathering of flowers.*

*Lelia.* See how the earth (the fragrant Spring) is clad,  
And mantled round in sweet Nymph *Floraes* robes,  
Here growes th' alluring Rose,  
Sweet Marigolds, and the lovely Hyacinth:  
Come *Nurse* gather:

A crown of Roses shall adorn my head,  
Ile prank my self with flowers of the Prime,  
And thus Ile spend away my Primrose time.

*Nurse.* Rusty, tufty; are you so frolike?  
O that you knew so much as I do, 'twould coole you!

*Le.* Why. what know'st thou *Nurse*? prethee tel me.

*Nurse* Heavy news ifaith *Mistress*,  
You must be matched and married to a Husband: ha, ha, ha, ha,  
a Husband ifaith.

*Lelia*

WILY BEGUILDE.

*Lelia.* a husband, *Nurse?* why that's good newes, if he be a good one.

*Nurse.* A good one quotha? ha, ha, ha, ha; why woman, I heard your father say, that he would marry you to Peter Ploddall that Puck-fist, that snudge snout, that Cole-carriery Clown. Lord it would be as good as meat and drink to me, to see how the fool would woo you.

*Lelia.* No, no my father did but jest: thinkest thou that I can stoop so low to take a Brown-bread-crust, and wed a Clown that's brought up at Cart?

*Nurse.* Cart, quotha? I, heel cart you; for he cannot tell how to court you.

*Lelia.* Ah *Nurse*, sweet *Sophos* is the man,  
Whose love is lockt in *Lelia's* tender brest;  
This heart hath sown'd (if heavens do not denie,)  
My love with his intomb'd in earth shall lie.

*Nurse.* Peace misstrisse, stand aside, here comes some body.

Enter *Sophos*.

*Sophos.* Optatis non est spes ullus potiri  
Yet Phœbus send down thy traluent beams,  
Behold the earth that mourns in sad attire,  
The flowers at *Sophos* presence gins to droop,  
Whose trickling tears for *Lelia's* losse,  
Do turn the Plains into a standing pool:  
Sweet *Cinbia* smile, chear up thy drooping Flowers,  
Let *Sophos* once more see a Sun-shine day,  
O let the sacred center of my heart,  
I mean fair *Lelia* Natures fairest work,  
Be once again the object to mine eyes.  
O but I wish in vain, whilst her I wish to see,  
Her Father he obscures her from my sight,  
He pleades my want of wealth,  
And sayes, it is a bar in *Venus* Court.  
How bath fond fortune by her fatall doom,  
Predestin'd me to live in haplesse hopes,  
Still turning false, her fickle wavering wheel;  
And Loves fair goddesse, with her *Cyrean* cup,  
Inchanteth so fond Cupids poisoned darts;

## WILY BEGUILDE.

That love the only Loadstar of my life,  
Doth draw my thoughts into a labyrinth:  
But stay,

What do I say see, what do mine eyes behold?  
(O happy sight) it is fair *Lelia*as face.

Hail, heavens bright nymph, the period of my grief  
Sole guidress of my thoughts, and author of my joy.

*Lelia.* Sweet *Sophos*, wellcome to *Lelia*,  
Fair *Dido Carthaginians* beautious Queen.  
Not half so joyful was, when as the *Trojan Prince*  
*Eneas*, landed on the sandy shores

Of *Carthage* Confines, as thy *Lelia* is,  
To see her *Sophos* here arriv'd by chance.

*Sophos.* And blest be chance that hath conducted me,  
unto the place where I might see my dear,  
As dear to me as is the dearest life.

*Nurse.* Sir, you my see that Fortune is your friend.

*Sophos.* Yes Fortune favours fools.

*Nurse* By that conclusion you should not be wise.

*Lelia.* Foul fortune sometime smiles on Virtue fair.

*Sophos.* Tis then to shew her mutabilitie:  
But since amidst ten thousand frowning threats  
Offickle fortunes thrice unconstant wheele,  
She dains to shew one little pleasing smile,  
Let's do our best false fortune to beguile,  
And take adyantage of her ever-changing moods.  
See, see, how *Tellus* spangled mantle smiles;  
And Birds do chant their rurall sugred notes,  
As ravisht with our meetings sweet delights.  
Since then there sits for love, both time and place,  
Let love and liking, hand in hand imbrace.

*Nurse.* Sir, the next way to win her, is to linger her leisure.

I measure my mistris by my lovely self, make a promise to a  
man, and keep it: I have but one fault, I ne'r made promise in  
my life, but I stick to it tooth and nail: Ile pay it home ifaith.

If I promise my love a kiss, Ile give him two: marry at first I  
will make nice, and cry fie, fie; and that will make him come a-  
gain and again.

Ile

## WILY BEGUILDE.

He make him break his wind with come againes.

*Sophos.* But what saies *Lelia* to her *Sophos* love?

*Lelia.* Ah *Sophos*, that fond blind Boy,

That wrings these passions from my *Sophos* heart,

Hath likewise wounded *Lelia* with his dart,

And force percorce, I yeild the fortresse up:

Here *Sophos* take thy *Lelia* s hand,

And with this hand a loyal heart.

High *Jove* that ruleth Heavens bright Canopy,

Grant to our love a wisht felicity.

*Sophos.* As joyes the weary Pilgrime by the way

When *Phebus* waves unto the Western deep,

To summon him to his desired rest:

Or as the poor distressed Mariner,

Long lost by shipwrack on the foaming waves,

At length behold's the long wisht Haven;

Although from far, his heart doth dance for joy.

So loves consent at length my mind hath eas'd,

My troubled thoughts by sweet content are pleas'd.

*Lelia.* My father recks no Virtue,

But vowes to wed me to a man of wealth,

And swears his Gold shall counterpoyle his worth:

But *Lelia* scornes proud *Mammons* golden mines,

And better likes of learnings sacred lore,

I hen of fond fortunes glistering mockeries:

But *Sophos*, try thy wits and use thy utmost skill,

To please my father, and compasse his good will.

*So.* To what fair *Lelia* s will's doth *Sophos* yeild content.

Yet that's the troublous gulfe my silly ship must passe:

But were that venture harder to atchieve

Then that of *Jason* for the golden Fleece,

I v ould effect it for sweet *Lelia* s sake,

Or leave my self as witnesse of my thoughts.

*Nurse.* How say you by that, Mistresse? heel do any thing for your sake.

*Lelia.* Thanks gentle Love,

But lest my father should suspect,

Whose jealous head with more then *Argus* eyes,

WILT BEGUILDE.

Doth measure every gesture that I use:

Ile in and leave you alone,

Adieu, sweet friend, untill we meet again:

Come Nurse follow me.

Exeunt Nurse and Lelia.

Sophos. Farewell, my Love, fair fortune be thy guid.

Now Sophos, now bethink thy self

How thou maist win her fathers will to knit this happy knot.

Alas, thy state is poor, thy friends are few,

And fear forbids to tell thy fates to friend;

Well, Ile trie my fortunes;

And find out some convenient time;

VVhen as her fathers leisure best shall serve

To confer with him about fair Lelias love.

Exit. Sophos.

Enter Gripe, old Ploddall, Churms and Will Cricket.

Gripe. Neighbour Ploddall, and Master Churms,

Y'are welcome to my house:

VVhat news in the Country, Neighbour? you are a good Husband, you have done sowing Barley, I am sure.

Ploddall. Yes sir (and't please you). a fortnight since.

Gripe. M. Churms, what say my debtors? can you get any money of them yet?

Churms. Not yet sir, I doubt they are scarce able to pay: You must e'en forbear them a while, they'l exclaim on you else.

Gripe. Let them exclaim and hang, and starve, and beg: let me ha my money.

Ploddall. Here's this good-fellow too, Master Churms, I must e'en put him and his father over into your hands; they'l pay me no rent.

Will. Cric. This good-fellow quotha? I scorn that base, broking, brabling, brawling, bastardly, bottlenos'd, beetlebrowd bean-bellied name.

VVhy, Robin good-fellow is this same cogging, pettifoging crackropes, calves-skins companion.

Put me and my father, over to him? old Silver-top, and you had not put me before my father, I would ha —

Ploddall. VVhat wouldest ha done?

VVill. I would have had a snatcht at you, that I would,

Churms, VVhat art a Dog?

VVill

## WILT BEGVILDE.

Will. No, if I had been a Dog, I would ha snapt off your nose  
ere this, and so have couzend the Devil of a marie-bone.

Gripe. Come, come, let me end this controversie,  
Prethee go thy waies in, and bid the boy bring in a cup of  
Sack here for my friends.

Will. would you have a sack sir?

Gripe. Away fool, a cup of Sack to drink.

Will. O, I had thought you would have had a sack to have  
put this law cracking cogfoyst in, in stead of a pair of stocks.

Gripe. Away fool get thee in I say.

Will. Into the butterie you mean?

Gripe. I prethee do.

Will. Ile make your hogshead of sack rue that word.

Exit Will Cricket.

Gripe. Neighbour Ploddall, I sent a letter to you by Master  
Churms, how like you of the motion?

Plod. Marry I like well of the motion: my son I tell you is ev'n  
all the stay I have: and all my care is to have him take one that  
hath something, for as the world goes now if they have nothing,  
they may go beg.

But I doubt he's too simple for your Daughter: for I have  
brought him up hardlie, with brown bread, fat Bacon, puddings  
and Souce, and (barladie we think it good fare too.

Gripe. Tushman, I care not for that. you ha no more children  
yout make him your heir, and giye him your lands, will you not?

Ploddall. Yes he is ev'n all I have, I have no body else to be-  
stow it upon.

Gripe. You say well.

Enter Will Cricket, and a Boy, With wine and a Napkin.

Will. Nay hear you, drink before you bargain.

Cri. Mas tis a good motion. { He fills them wine, and gives  
Boy, fill some wine. { them the Napkin.

Here neighbour, and M Churms. I drink to you.

Both. We thank you Sir.

Will. Lawyer wipe clean: do you remember?

Churms. Remember, why?

Will. Since you know when?

Churms. Since when?

## WILY BEGUILDE.

*Will.* Why, since you were bumbasted, that your lubberly leggs wculd not carry your lobcock body:

When you have made an infusion of your stinking excrements, in stalking implements:

O you were plaugy fraid, and foully raid

*Cripe.* Prethee peace *Will.* Neighbour *Ploddall*: what say you to this match: shall it go forward?

*Ploddall.* Sir that must be as our children like, For my son, I think I can rule him:

Marry, I doubt your daughter will hardly like of him, for God wot hee's very simple

*Cripe.* My daughter's mine to command, have I not brought her up to this?

She shall have him: Ile rule the roast for that, Ile give her pounds and crowns, gold and silver: Ile weigh her down in pure angel gold, Say man is't a match?

*Ploddall.* Faith I agree,

*Churms.* But sir, if you give your daughter so large a Dowrie, you'l have some part of his land conveyed to her by jointure.

*Cripe.* Yes marry, that I will: And wee'l desire your help for conveyance.

*Ploddall.* I good Master *Churms*, and you shall be very well contented for your pains.

*Will.* I marry that's it he lookt for all this while,

*Churms.* Sir, I will do the best I can.

*Will.* But Landlord, I can tell you news ifaith:

There is one *Sophos*, a brave gentleman, hee'l wipe your son *Peters* nose of Mistriess *Lelia*: I can tell you he loves her well.

*Cripe.* Nay, I trow,

*Will.* Yes I know, for I am sure I saw them close together at Poop-nody, in her Closet.

*Cripe.* But I am sure she loves him not.

*Will.* Nay, I dare take it on my death she loves him: For he's a Scholler: and ware Schollers, they have tricks for love ifaith; for with a little Logick, and *Puome colloquium*, they'l make a wench do any thing.

Land-lord pray yete not angry with me for speaking my conscience.

## WILY BEGUILDE.

In good faith your son *Peters* a very Clown to him: Why he's as fine a man as wench can see in a Summers day.

*Gripe.* Well that shall not serve his turn, Ile crosse him I warrant ye.

I am glad I know it; I have suspected it a great while.

*Sophos?* Why whats *Sophos?* a base fellow.

Indeed he has a good wit, and can speak well,

He's a scholler forsooth: one that has more wit then money;

And I like not that: he may beg for all that.

Schollers? Why what are schollers without money?

*Ploddall.* Faith e'ne like Puddings without suet.

*Gripe.* Come Neighbour, send your son to my house,

For he shall be welcome to me:

And my daughter shall entertain him kindly.

What? I can, and will rule *Lelia*

Come, lets in, Ile discharge *Sophos* from my house presently.

*Exeunt Gripe, and Ploddall and Churms.*

*Will.* A horn plague of this money,

For it causeth many Horns to bud:

And for money many men are horn'd

For when Maids are forc'd to love where they like not,

It makes them lye where they should not.

Ile be hang'd if ere mistris *Lelia* will ha *Peter Pladdall*,

I swear by this button-cap, (do you mark?)

And by the round, sound, and profound contents (do you understand?)

Of this costly Cod-pece, (being a good proper man as ye see),  
that I could get her as soon as he my self.

And if I had not a moneths mind in another place,

I would have a fling at her that's flat:

But I must set a good Holiday face on't,

And go a wooing to pretty *Pegge*: well Ile to her ifaith,

While 'tis in my mind: But stay, Ile see how I can woe before I go:

they say, use makes perfectness:

Look ye now, suppose this were *Pegge*,

Now I set my cap o'th toe side on this fashion (do ye see?)

then say I,

Sweet, hony, sugger candy *Pegge*,

VVhole

## WILT BEGWILDE.

Whose face more fair then Brock my fathers Cow,  
Whose eyes do shine like Bacon-rine,  
Whose lips are blue of azure hue,  
Whose crooket nose, down to her chin doth bow.

For you know I must begin to commend her beauty.

And then I will tell her plainly, that I am in love with her over  
my high shoes and then I will tell her, that I do nothing of  
nights but sleep and think on her, and specially of mornings:

And that does maks my stomach so rise, that ile be sworn I can  
turn me three or four bowls of porridge over in a morning afore  
breakfast.

*Enter Robin-Good fellow.*

*Robin good fellow.* How now sirrah, what make you here with  
all that timber in your neck?

VVill. Timber? Sure, I think he be a witch,  
How knew he this were timber?  
Mas ile speak him fair, and get out on's company: for I am a-  
fraid on him.

*Robin.* Speak man, what art afraid? what makest here?

*Will.* A poor fellow sir, I ha been drinking two or three pots  
of Ale at an Ale-house and ha lost my way sir.

*Robin.* O, nay, then I see thou art a good fellow,  
Seest thou not Master *Churms* the Lawyer to day?

*Will.* No sir, woud you speak with him?

*Robin.* I marry woud I.

*Will.* If I see him, ile tell him you woud speak with him,

*Robin.* Nay, prethee stay who wilt thou tell him woud speake  
with him.

VVill. Marry you sir.

*Robin.* I who am I?

VVill. Faith sir, I know not

*Robin.* If thou seest him tell him *Robin-good fellow* woud speak  
with him.

VVill, O, I will sir.

*Exit will. Crie.*

*Robin.* Mas the fellow was afraid:  
I play the Bug beat wheresoe'r I come,  
And make them all affraid:  
But here comes Master *Churms*.

*Enter*

# WILY BEGUILDE.

Enter Churms.

Churms, Fellow Robin, God save you, I have been seeking for you in every Ale house in the Town.

Robin. What, Master Churms? what's the best news abroad? 'tis long since I saw you.

Churms. Faith little news: but yet I am glad I have met with you. I have a matter to impart to you, wherein you may stand me in some stead, and make a good benefit to your self: if we can deal cunningly, 'twil be worth a double fee to you, (by the Lord.)

Robin. A double fee? speak man what ist? If it be to betray mine one father, Ile doo't for half a fee: And for cunning, let me alone.

Churms. Why then this it is.

Here is Master Gripe hard by, a Clyent of mine, a man of mighty wealth, who has but one daughter; her Dowry is her weight in Gold.

Now sir, this old penny father, would marry her to one Peter Ploddall, rich Ploddalls son and heir: Whom though his father mearst to leave very rich, Yet he's a very idiot, and brown-bread Clown: And one, I know, the wench does deadly hate; And though their friends have given their full consent, And both agreed on this unequal match, Yet I know, *Lelia* will never marry him: But there's another rival in her love, one *Sophos*, And he's a Scholler. One whom I think fair *Lelia* dearly loves, But her father hates him as he hates a Toad; For he's in want, and *Gripe* gapes after Gold, And still relies upon the old said law, *Si nihil attuleris, &c.*

Robin. And wherein can I do you any good in this?

Churms. Marry, thus sir.

I am of late grown passing familiar with M. *Gripe*: And for *Ploddall* he takes me for his second self:

Now sir, Ile fit my self to the old crummy Churms humours and make them believe Ile perswade *Lelia* to marry *Peter Ploddall*, and so get free access to the wench at my pleasure:

# WILY BEGUILDE.

Now o'th other side, Ile fall in with the Scholler, and him Ile handle cunningly too;

Ile tell him that *Lelia* has acquainted me with her love of him: And for because her father much suspect's the same, He mewes her up as men do mew their Hawks, And so restrains her from her *Sophos* sight: Ile say, because she doth repose more trust Of secrecy in me, than in another man, In courtesie she hath requested me, To do her kindest greeting to her Love.

*Robin.* An excellent device, ifaith.

*Churms.* I sir, and by this means, Ile make a very gull of my fine *Diogenes*.

I shall know his secrets even from the very bottome of his heart.

Nay more sir, you shall see me deal so cunningly, that he shall make me an instrument to compasse his desire; When God knows I mean nothing lesse.

*Qui dissimulare nescit, nescit vivere.*

*Robin.* Why this will be sport alone: But what would you have me do in this action?

*Churms.* Marry as I play with toe hand, play you with tother. Fall you aboard with *Peter Ploddall*, Make him beleive you'l work mirracles, And that you have a powder will make *Lelia* : love him: Nay what will he not beleive, and take all that comes? (you know my mind,)

And so wee'l make a gull of the one and a Goose of the other.

And if we can invent any devise, to bring the Scholler in disgrace with her: I do not doubt, but with your help to creep between the bark and the tree, and get *Lelia* my self.

*Robin.* Tush man, I have a device in my head already to do that;

But they say her brother *Fortunatus* loves him dearly.

*Churms.* Tut, he's out of the Country. He follows the drum and the flag. He may chance to be kild with a double Cannon before he comes home again:

But

WILL T BE GUILDE.

But what's your device ?

Robin. Marry Ile do this ;

He frame an indictment against *Sophos*, in manner and form of a Rape, and the next Law day you shall prefer it; that so *Lelia* may loath him, Her father still deadly hate him, And the young Gallant her brother utterly forsake him.

*Churms*. But how shall we prove it ?

Robin. Wee'l hire some Strumpet or other to be swoyn against him.

*Churms*. Now (by the substance of my soul) tis an excellent devise.

Well, lets in, Ile first try my cunning, otherwise, and if all fail wee'l try this conclusion,

Exeunt

Enter Mother-Midnight, Nurse and Pegge,

Mother-Mid, Ifaith *Marget*, you must e'ne take your daughter Peg home again ; For sheel not be ral'd by me.

Nurse. Why Mother ? What will she not doe ?

Mother-Mid. Faith she neither did, nor does, nor will do any thing.

Send her to th' Market with Eggs ; shee'l sell them and spend the money :

Send her to make a Pudding, shee'l put in no suet :

Shee'l run out a nights a dancing, and come no more home till day peep :

Bid her come to bed shee'l come when she list :

Ah 'tis a nasty shame to see her bringing up.

Nurse. Out you Rogue, you arrant &c. What knowst not thy *Granam* ?

Pegge. I know her to be a testy old fool, She's never well but grunting in a corner.

Mother-Mid. Nay, shee'l campe (I warrant ye.) O she ha's a tongue.

But *Marget* ev'n take her home to your Mistresse, and there keep her ; for Ile keep her no longer.

Nurse. Mother, pray ye take some pains with her, and keep her a while longer and if she do not mend, Ile beat

# WILT BE GUILDE.

When thou art ready to sleep, Ile be ready to snort:

When thou art in health, Ile be in gladnesse:

When thou art sicke, Ile be ready to dye:

When thou art mad, Ile run out of my wits:

And thereupon I strike thee good lucke:

Well said ifaith:

O I could find in my hose to pocket thee in my heart;

Come my heart of gold, let's have a dance at the making  
up of this match:

Strike up Tom Piper.

*They dance.*

Come Pegge, Ile take the pains to bring thee homeward,  
And at twilight, look for me again.

*Enter Robin Good-fellow, and Peter Plog dall.*

Robin. Come hither my honest friend: M. Churms told me  
you had a suite to me.

What's the matter?

Peter Pray ye sir, is your name Robin Good-fellow?

Robin. My name is Robin Good-fellow.

Peter. Marry sir, I heare y'are a very cuning man sir; And sic  
reverence of your worship sir, I am going a wooing to one  
Mistresse Lelia a Gentlewoman here hard by: Pray ye sir, tell  
me how I should behave my self, to get her to my Wife?

For sir, there is a Scholler about her:

Now if you can tell me, how I should wipe his nose of her, I  
would bestow a fee on you.

Robin. Let me see't, and thou shalt see what Ile say to  
thee. *He gives him mony.*

Well, follow my counsell, and Ile warrant thee;

Ile give thee a Love-powder for thy wench,

And a kind of *Nux vomica* in a potion, shall make her come off  
ifaith.

Peter. Shall I trouble you so far as to take some paines with  
me?

I am loth to have the dodge.

Robin. Tush, fear not the dodge:

Ile rather put on my flashing red Nose, and my flaming Face,  
and come wrapt in a Calves-skin, and cry bo, bo;

Ile fray the Scholler I warrant thee.

WILT BEG VILDE.

But first go to her, try what thou canst do ;  
Perhaps sheele love without any further adoe ;  
But thou must tell her, thou hast a good stocke, some hundred or  
two a yeere, and that will set her hard. I warrant thee.  
For by th' Masse, I was once in good comfort to have couzend a  
wench :

And wots thou what I told her ?

I told her, I had a hundred pound land a year in a place, where  
I haye not the breadth of my little finger. I bnt  
I promised her to infeoff her in forty pounds a year of it ; and  
I think in my conscience, if I had had but as good a face as  
thine,

I should have made her have curst the time that ever she see it  
And thus must thou do, cracke, and lye, and face. I want do  
And thou shalt triumph mightily.

Peter. I need not doe so : for I may say, and say true,  
I have lands and living enough for a Country fellow,

Robin. Barlady so had not I, I was faine to over-reach, as  
many times I doe :  
But now experience hath taught me so much craft, that I excell  
in cunning

Peter. Well sir, then Ile be bold to trust to your cunning, and  
so Ile bid you farewell, and goe foreward :  
Ile to her, that's flat.

Robin. Doe so : and let me here how you sped.

Peter. That I will sir.

Exit- Peter.

Robin. Well, a good beginning makes a good end, Here's ten  
groates for doing nothing :

I con Master Churms thankes for this,  
For this was his device ;  
And therefore Ile goe seek him out, and give him a quart of  
wine,  
And know of him how he deals with the Scholler.

Exit.

Enter Churms and Sophos.

Churms. Why ? look ye sir, by the Lord I can but wonder  
at her fether.

He knowes you to be a Gentleman of good bringing up;

And

WILY BEGUILDE.

And though your wealth be not answerable to his,  
Yet by heavens I thinke, you are worthy to doe farre better than  
Lelia, yet I know she loves you dearly.

*Sophos.* The great Tarcarian Emperour *Tamer Cham*,  
Joyde not so much in his imperiall Crown,  
As *Sophos* joyes in *Lelias* hope'd for love;  
Whose lookes would pierce an Adamantine heart,  
And made the proud beholders stand at gaze,  
To draw loves Picture from her glauncing eye.

*Churms.* And I will stretch my wits unto the highest strain,  
To further *Sophos* in his wisht desire.

*Sophos.* Thanks gentle sir. Enter *Gripe*.  
But truce a while, here comes her father,  
I must speak a word or two with him. speak to himself.

*Chrums.* I, he'le give you your answer (I warrant ye.)

*Sophos.* God save you sir,

*Gripe.* O Master *Sophos*, I longed to speake with you a great  
while,  
I heare you seeke my daughter *Lelia* love,  
I hope you will not seek to dishonest me, nor disgrace my  
Daughter.

*Sophos.* No sir a man may aske a yea,  
A woman may say nay,  
Yet I must confess I love *Lelia*.

*Gripe.* Sir, I must be plain with you, I like not of your loves  
*Lelia*, mine, Ile choose for *Lelia*,  
And therefore I would wish you not to frequent my house any  
more.  
Its better for you to ply your Book, and seek for some prefer-  
ment that way, than to seek for a Wife before you know how  
to maintain her.

*Sophos.* I am not rich, I am not very poor:  
I neither want, nor ever shall exceed;  
The mean is my content, Ile live twixt two extremes.

*Gripe.* Well, well. I tell ye, I like not yee should come  
to my house, and presume so proudly to match your poor  
pedigree with my Daughter *Lelia*, and therefore I charge  
you

WILY BEG VILDE.

you get you off, off my ground, come no more at my House :

I like not this learning without living, I.

*Sophos.* He needs must go, that the Devil drives:

*Sic Vertus sine censu languet.*

*Exit Sophos.*

*Gripe.* O, Master *Churms*, cry you mercy sir, I saw not you? I think I have sent the Scholler away with a flea in his eare.

I trow hee'l come no more at my house.

*Churms.* No, for if he do, you may indite him for coming of your ground.

*Gripe.* Well, now Ile home, and keep in my daughter: she shall neither go to him nor send to him:

Ile watch her (I warrant her)

Be lieve me M. *Churms*, it is the peevishest girle that ever I knew in my life, she will not be rul'd I doubt:

Pray yee sir, do indeavour to perswade her to take *Peter Ploddall*.

*Churms.* I warrant ye, Ile perswade her fear not.

*Exit.*

*Enter Lelia and Nurse.*

*Lelia* What sorrow seizeth on my heavy heart?  
Consuming care possesseth every part;  
Heart-sad *Erynnis* keep his mansion here,  
Within the closure of my woful brest;  
And black Despair, with Iron Scepter stands,  
And guideth my thoughts, down to his hatefull Cell,  
The wanton winds with whistling murmur bear  
My piercing Plaints along the desart plains:  
And woods and groves do echo forth my woes;  
The Earth blow relents in Chrystall teares,  
When Heavens above, by some malignant course  
Of fatall Starres, are authors of my grief.  
Fond love go hide thy shafts in Follies den,  
And let the world forget thy Childish force,  
Or else fly, fly, pierce *Sophos* tender brest,

D

That

## WILY BEGUILDE.

That he may help to sympathize these plaints,  
that wring these tears from *Lelia* weeping eyes.

*Nurse.* Why, how now Mistrels ; What is it Love that makes you weep, and toss, and turn so at nights when you are in bed ?

Saint *Leonard* grant you fall not love-sicke.

*Lelia.* I that's the point, that pierceth to the quicke,  
Would *Atropos* would cut my vital threed,  
And so make lavish of my loathed life :  
Or gentle heavens would smile with fair aspect,  
And so give better fortunes to my love.

Why is't not a plague to be prisoner to mine own father ?

*Nurse.* Yes, an't's a shame for him to use you so too.  
But be of good cheer Mistress, Ile go to *Sophos* every day,  
Ile bring you tydings, and tokens too from him, (Ile warrant ye,) and if he will send you a kiss or two, Ile bring it ; Let me alone, I am good at a dead lift :

Marry I cannot blame you for loving of *Sophos*,  
Why he's a man as one should picture him in wax.  
But Mistress, out upon 't, wipe your eyes,  
For here comes another wooer.

Enter *Peter Ploddall*.

*Peter.* Mistress *Lelia*, God speed you.

*Lelia* That's more then we need at this time, for we are doing nothing.

*Peter.* I were as good to say a good word as a bad.

*Lelia.* But 'tis more wisdome to say nothing at all, then to speak to no purpose.

*Peter.* My purpose is to wive you.

*Lelia.* And mine is never to wed you.

*Peter.* Belike you are in love with some body else.

*Nurse.* No, but she's lustily promised,  
Hear you ; with long rifle by your side, do you laek a wife ?

*Peter.* Call you this a rifle ? its a good Back-sword.

*Nurse.* Why, then you with your Back-sword, let's see your back.

*Peter*

WILY BEGUILDE.

Peter. Nay, I must speak with Mistresse *Lelia* before I go.

*Lelia*. What would you with me ?

Peter. Marry, I have heard very well of you ; and so has my father too,

And he has sent me to you a wooing,  
And if you have any mind of marriage,  
I hope I shall maintain you as well as any Husband-mans wife in the Country.

Nurse. Maintain her with what ?

Peter. Marry, with my Land and Living, my father has promis'd me.

*Lelia*. I have heard much of your wealth, but I never knew your manners before now.

Peter. Faith, I have no Mannors, But a pretty Homestall, and we have great store of Oxen, and Horses, and Carts, Ploughs, and household-stuffe bomination.

And great flocks of Sheep, and flocks of Geese, and Capons, and Hens, and Ducks : O, we have a fine yard of Pullen :

And thank God, here's a fine weather for my Fathers Lambs.

*Lelia*. I cannot live content, in discontent :  
For as no musick can delight the ears,  
Where all the parts of discord are composed :  
So Wedlock bands will still consist in jarres,  
Where in condition ther's no sympathie :  
Then rest your self contented with this answer,  
I cannot love.

Peter. Its no matter what you say: for my Father told me this much before I came, that you would be something nice at first; but he bad me like you nere the worse for that, for I were the liker to speed.

*Lelia*. Then you were best leave off your suit, till some other time: and when my leisure serves me to love you, Ile send for you.

Peter. Will you ? well then Ile take my leave of you,

WILY BEGUILDE.

and if I may hear from you, Ile pay the Messenger well for his pains.

But stay: I protest, I had almost forgot my self,  
Pray ee let me kisse your hand ere I go,

Nurse. Faith Mistrisse, his mouth runsa water for a kisse  
A little would serve his turn be like;  
Let him kisse your hand.

Lelia. Ile not stick for that. *He kisses her hand.*

Peter Mistress Lelia God be with you.

Lelia. Farewell Peter. *Exit Peter.*

Thus Lucre set in golden chair of state,  
When learning's bid, stand by and keep aloof :  
This greedy humor fits my fathers vain,  
Who gapes for nothing but for golden gain.

*Enter Churms.*

Nurse Mistresse take heed you speak nothing that will bear action for here comes M. Churms the Pettifogger.

Churms. Mistress Lelia, rest you merry :  
What's the reason, you and your Nurse walk here alone?

Lelia. Because, sir, we desire no other company but our own.

Churms. Would I were then your own,  
That I might keep you company.

Nurse. O sir, you and he that is her own, are far asunder.

Churms. But if she please, we may be nearer.

Lelia. That cannot be : mine own is nearer than my self.

And yet my self, alas am not my own ;  
Thoughts, Fears, Despairs, ten thousand Dreadfull Dreams.

Those are mine own, and these to keep me company.

Churms. indeed, I must confesse, your father is too cruel.

To keep you thus sequestred from the world,  
To spend your prime of youth thus in obscurity,

And

WILT BEGUILDE.

And seek to wed you to an idiot fool,  
That knows not how to use himself :  
Could but my deserts but answer my desires,  
I swear by *Sol* fair *Phæbus* silver eye,  
My heart would wish no higher to aspire,  
Than to be grac'd with *Lelia's* love.  
Indeed I cannot play the dissembler,  
And woe my love with courting ambages,  
Like one whose love hangs on his smooth tongues end,  
But in a word, I tell the sum of my desires,  
I love fair *Lelia*.  
By her my passions daily are increas'd :  
And I must dye, unless by *Lelia's* love they be releas'd.

*Lelia.* Why Master *Churms*, I had thought you had been  
my fathers great Counsellor, in all these actions.

*Churms.* Nay trust me not if I be :  
By Heavens sweet Nymph, I am not.

*Nurse.* Master *Churms*, you are one can do much with her  
father: and if you love her as you say, perswade him to use  
her more kindly, and give her liberty to take her choice: for  
these made marriages prove not well.

*Churms.* I protest I will.

*Lelia.* So *Lelia* shall accept thee as her friend:  
Mean time, *Nurse*, let's in:  
My long absence I know will make my father mule.

*Exeunt Lelia and Nurse.*

*Churms.* So *Lelia* shall accept thee as her friend:  
Who can but ruminante upon these words?  
Would she had said her love:  
But tis no matter first creep and then go;  
Now her friend: the next degree *Lelia's* love.  
Well, Ile perswade her father to let her have a little more  
liberty.  
But soft Ile none of that neither,  
So the Scholler may chance couzen me.  
Perswade him to keep her in still:  
And before shee I have *Peter Ploddall*, shee I have any body.

# WILY BEGUILDE.

And so I shall be sure that *Sophos* shall never come at her.

Why Ile warrant ye, shee'l be glad to run away with me at length.

Hang him that has no shifts.

I promis'd *Sophos* to further him in his suit:

But if I do Ile be peckt to death with Hens.

I swore to *Gripe*, I would perswade *Lelia* to love *Peter Ploddall*.

But God forgive me, it was the furthest end of my thought.

Tut, what's an oath? every man for himself:

Ile shift for one, I warrant ye.

Exit.

Enter *Fortunatus solus*.

*Fortus*. Thus have I past the beating billowes of the sea,  
By Ithacks rocks, and watry *Neptunes* bounds,  
And wasted safe from *Mars* his bloody fields,  
Where Trumpets sound Tantarra to the fight,  
And here arriv'd for to repose my self,  
Upon the borders of my native soil.

Now *Fortunatus*, bend thy happy course  
Unto thy fathers house to greet thy dearest friends:  
And if that still thy aged Sire survive,  
Thy presence will revive his drooping spirits, (bloud  
And cause his withered cheeks be sprent with youthfull  
Where death of late was portraid to the quick.

But soft who comes here? stand aside

Enter *Robin good-fellow*.

*Robin*. I wonder I hear not of Master *Churms*:  
I would fain know how he speeds,  
And what success he has in *Lelias* love:  
Well, if he couzen the Scholler of her,  
Twould make my worship laugh:  
And if he have her, he may say, God a mercy *Robin good-fellow*.

Oh, ware a good head as long as you live.

Why, Master *Gripe*, he casts beyond the Moon,

And

## WILY BEGUILDE.

And *Churms* is the onely man he puts in trust with his daughter, and (Ile warrant) the old Churle would take it upon his salvation, that he will perswade her to marry *Peter Ploddall*: But Ile make a fool of *Peter Ploddall*,  
Ile look him i' th' face and picke his purse,  
Whil'st *Churms* coozen him of his Wench,  
And my old grandsire *Holdfast* of his Daughter.  
And if he can doe so,  
Ile teach him a trick to coozen him of his gold too.  
Now for *Sophos*, let him wear the Willow garland,  
And play the melancholly malecontent,  
And pluck his hat downe in his sullen eyes,  
And thinke on *Lelia* in these desart Groves:  
'Tis enough for him to have her in his thoughts,  
Although he ne'r embrase her in his armes.  
But now, there is a fine device come into my head,  
To scare the Schollar:  
You shall see Ile make fine sport with him.  
They say that every day he keepes his walkes  
Amongst these Woods and melancholly shades  
And on the Barke of every sencelesse Tree.  
Ingraves the Tenour of his haplesse hope.  
Now when hee's at *Venus Alter* at his Orlons,  
Ile put me on my great carpation Nose,  
And wrap me in a rousing Clave-skin suite,  
And come like some Hob-goblin, or some Devill  
Ascended from the grisly pit of Hell,  
And like a Scar-babe make him take his legges:  
Ile play the Devill I warrant ye.      *Exit Robin good-fellow.*

*Fortunatus.* And if you doe ( by this hand ) Ile play the Conjuror.

Blush, *Fortunatus*, at the base conceit  
To stand aloof, like one that's in a trance,  
And with thine eyes behold that miscreant *Impe*,  
Whose tongue more than the Serpent stings  
Before thy face thus taunt thy dearest freind?  
I, thine owne Father with reproachfull tearms,

Thy

WILY BEGUILDE.

Thy sister *Lelia*, she is bought and sold,  
And learned *Sophos*, thy thrice vowed friend,  
Is made a stale by this base cursed crew,  
And wickned den of vagrant runnagates:  
But here in sight of sacred heavens, I sweare  
By all the sorrowes of the *Stigian* soules,  
By *Mars* his bloody blade, and fair *Bellona's* Bowers,  
I vow, these eyes shall ne'r behold my fathers face,  
These feet shall never passe these desart plaines:  
But Pilgrime-like, Ile wander in these woods,  
Until I finde out *Sophos* secret walkes,  
And found the depth of all their plotted drifts:  
Nor will I cease untill these hands revenge  
Th' injurious wrong that's offered to my friend,  
Upon the workes of this stratagem.

Exit.

Enter *Pegge sola.*

*Pegge.* Yfaith, yfaith, I cannot tel what to doe,  
I love, and I love, and I cannot tell who:  
Out upon this love:  
For wot you what? I have suitors come huddle, twoes upon  
twoes, and threes upon threes; and what think you troubles  
mee?  
I must chat and kisse with all commers, or else no bargain,

Enter *Will Cricket*, and kisses her.

*Will.* A bargain yfaith: ha my sweet hony-sops, how dost  
thou?

*Peg.* Well I thanke you *William*, now I see y'are a man of  
your word.

*Will.* A man of my wordquotha? why I ne'r broke pro-  
mise in my life that I kept.

*Pegge.* No *William* I know you did not:  
But I had thought you had forgotten me.

*Will.* Doest heare *Pegge*? if e'r I forget thee,  
I pray God I may never remember thee.

*Pegg.* Peace here comes my *Grannam* *Midnight*,

Enter.

# WILY BEGVILDE.

Enter Mother Midnight.

Mother Mid. What Pegge? what ho? what Pegge, I say?  
What Pegge my wench?  
What where art thou trow?

Pegge. Here Grannam at your elbow.

Mother Mid. What mak'st thou hers this twatter night?  
I think th'art in a dream,  
I think the fool haunts thee.

Will. Sounds fool in your face: fool, O monstrous intimation.

Fool? O disgrace to my person: sounds, fool not me, for I cannot brook such a cold rasher I can tell you: give me but such another word, and I'll be thy tooth-drawer, eene of thy butter-tooth, thou toothless Trot thou.

Mother M. Nay *William*, pray be not angry, you must bear with old folks.

They be old and teasty, hot and hasty: set not your wit against mine, *William*,

For I thought no harm by my troth.

Will. Well, your good words have something laid my choller.

But Grannam, shall I be so bold to come to your house now and then to keep Pegge company?

Mother Mid. I, and beshrow thy good heart and thou dost not:

Come, and we'll have a piece of Barley Bag-pudding, or something.

And thou shalt be very heartily welcome, that thou shalt, And Pegge shall bid thee welcome too: pray ye Maid, bid him welcome, and make much of him, for by my vay he's a good springold.

Pegge. Granam, if you did see him dance, 'twould do your heart good:

Lord. 'twould make any body love him, to see how finely he'll foot it.

Mother M. *William*, prethee goe home to my house with me, and taste a cup of our Beere, and learne to know the

# WILY BEGVILDE.

way again another time.

Will. Come on Grandam, I'le man you home ifaith: come  
Pegge.

Exeunt.

Enter Gripe, Old Ploddal, and his sonne Peter,  
and Churms the Lawyer.

Ploddal. Come hither Peter, hold up your head: where's  
your cap and leg, sir boy, ha?

Peter. By your leave Master Gripe.

Gripe. VVelcome Peter, give me thy hand, th'art welcome:  
Barlady, this is a good proper tall fellow, Neighbour, call  
you him a boy?

Ploddal. A good pretty square Sp'ingold sic.

Gripe. Peter, you have seen my daughter I am sure: how  
do you like her?

VVhat says she to you?

Peter. Faith I like her well, and I have broken my mind to  
her, and she would say neither I nor no:  
But, thank God sir, we part d good friends,  
For she let me kisse her hand, and bid me, Farewel Peter,  
And therefore I think I am like enough to speed:  
How think ye Master Churms?

Churms. Marry I think so to,  
For she did shew no token of any dislike of your motion, did  
she?

Peter. No, not a whit sir.

Churms. VVhy then I warrant ye.  
For we hold in our Law, shat, *Idem est non apparare, et non  
esse.*

Gripe. Master Churms, I pray you doe so much as call my  
Daughter hither.  
I will make her sure here to Peter Ploddal, and I'le desire you  
to be a witnesse.

Churms. VVith all my heart.

Exit Churms.

Gripe. Before God, Neighbour, this same M. Churms is a  
very good Lawyer: for i'le warrant, you cannot speake any  
thing, but he has Law for it *ad unguem.*

Ploddal,

# WILY BEGUILDE.

Floddall, Marry-e'en the more joy on him,  
And hee's one that I am very much beholding to:  
But here comes your Daughter.

Enter *Churms, Lelia and Nurse.*

*Lelia, Father, did you send for me?*

Gripe, I wench, I did: core hither Lelia, give me thy hand.

Master Clurms, I pray you bear witnesse.

I here give Lelia to Peter Ploddal She plucks her hand.

How now?

*Nurse.* She'll none, she thanks you sir.

**Gripe.** Will she none? why how now, I say?

What? you pawling peevish thing, you untoward baggage,

Will you not be ruled by your Father?

Have I taken care to bring you up to this?

And will you do as you list ?

Away, I say, hang, starve, begge, be gone, pack I say :

Out of my sight.

hink on, I do not use to jest; } Exeunt Let  
— I'll tell them so. } and N.

Be gone I say, I will not hear thee speak. *And Nurse.*  
*She has an hour's notice now, and I'll be young*

Curms. I pray you sir patient your self; thee's young.  
Gull. I hold my life this baggey. Schall a bankers abou

Gripe, & hold my life this beggerly Schollar hankers about  
her still, makes her so untoward :  
But i'le home, i'le set her a hard'r task ;  
I'le keep her in, and look better to her then I ha done,  
I'le make her have little mind of gadding, i'le warrant her.  
Come Neighbour, send your Sonne to my house, for he's wel-  
come thither, and shall be welcome ; and ile make Lelia bid  
him welcome too, e'r I ha done with her.

**Come Peter follow us.**      *Except all but Churms.*

*Churms.* Why this is excellent, better and better still.

This is beyond expectation;

Why, now this gear begins to work,

But besidew my heart, I was afraid that Leliz would have yielded, when I saw her father take her by the hand, and call

# WILY BEGVILDE.

me for a wi-nesse, my heart began to quake,  
But to say the truth, she had little reason to take a Cullian  
lug-loaf, milk-sop slave ;  
When she may have a Lawyer, a Gentleman that stands upon  
his reputation in the Countrey :  
One whose diminutive defect of Law, may compare with his  
little learning :  
Well, I see that *Churms* must be the man must carry *Lelia*  
when all's done,

Enter Robin-good-fellow.

*Robin.* How now Master *Churms*, what newes abroad ?  
Me thinke you looke very spruce : y'are very frolike now  
alate.

*Churms.* What fellow *Robin*, how goes the squares with  
you ?

Y'are waxen very proud a late, you will not know your old  
friends.

*Robin.* Faith I *ee*ne came to seek you, to bestow a quart of  
wine of you.

*Churms.* That's strange : you were ne're wont to be so  
liberal.

*Robin.* Tush man, one good turne asks another : cleare  
gains man, cleare gains :

Peter *Ploddal* shall pay for all : I have gull'd him once,  
And I'll come over him again and again, I warrant ye.

*Churms.* Faith *Lelia* has *ee*ne given him the doff off here,  
and made her father almost stark mad.

*Robin.* O all the better, then I shall be sure of more of his  
custome.

But what success have you in your sute with her ?

*Churms.* Faith allhitherto goes well ;  
I have made the motion to her,  
But as yet we are grown to no conclusion :  
But I am in very good hope.

*Robin.* But do you think you shall get her fathers good  
will ?

*Churms.* Tat, if I get the wench, I care not for that.

That

# WILY BEGVILDE.

that will come afterwa d :

And I'll be sute of something in the mean time,  
For I have outlaw'd a great number of his debtors,  
And I'll gather up what money I can amongst them,  
And Gripe shall not know of it neither.

*Robin.* I , and of those that are scarce able to pay,  
Take the one half, and forgive them the rest, rather than sit  
out at all.

*Churms.* Tush, let me alone for that :  
But sirra, I have brought the Scholar into a fools paradise :  
Why, he has made me his spokesman to Mistris *Lelia*,  
And Gods my Judge, I ne'r so much as name him to her.

*Robin.* O, byth' mass well remembred,  
I'll tell you what I mean to do,  
I'll attire my self fit for the same purpose,  
Like som<sup>z</sup> hellish Hag or damn'd Fiend,  
And meet with *Sophos*, wandring in the woods :  
O I shall fray him terribly.

*Churms.* I would thou couldst scare him out of his wits,  
Then should I ha the wench cock sure ;  
I doubt no body but him.

*Robin.* Well, let's go drink together,  
And then i'll go put on my divelish robes,  
I mean my Christmas Calves-skin suite,  
And then walk to the woods :  
O i'll terrifie him I warrant ye.

Enter *Sophos solus*.

*Sophos.* Will heavens still smile at *Sophos* miseries,  
And give no end to my unceasant mones ?  
These Cypressse shades are witness of my woes,  
The senslesse trees do grieve at my lamentes,  
The leavy branches drop sweet *Myrrhas* tears,  
For love did scorn me in my mothers womb,  
And sullen *Saturne* pregnant at my birth,  
With all the fatal starrs conspir'd in one,  
To frame a haplesse constellation.

# WILY BEGVILDE.

Presaging Sephos' luckless destiny.

Here, heredoth Sephos turn Ixions rest'ess wheel,  
And here lyes wrapt in labyrinths of love,  
Of his sweet Lelias love, whose sole Idea still,  
Prolongs the hapless date of Sephos' hopeless life :  
Ah, said I life? a life far worse then death :  
Then death? I then ten thousand deaths.  
I daily die, in that I live loves thrall,  
They die thrice happy, that once die for all,  
Here will I stay my weary wanling steps,  
And lay me down upon this solid earth, He lies down.  
The mother of despair and baleful thoughts,  
I, this besitt my melancholy moodes;  
Now, new methinks I hear the pretty Birds,  
With warbling tunes record fair Lelias name,  
Whose absence makes warm blood drop from my heart,  
An I forseech watry tears from these my weeping eyes ;  
Methinks I hear the silver-sounding streams,  
With gentle murmer summon me to sleep,  
Singing a melodious lullaby ;  
Here will I take a nap, and drown my haplesse hope,  
In the Ocean seas of never like to speed.

*He falls in a slumber, and Musick sounds.*

Enter Sylvanus.

Sylvanus. Thus hath Sylvanus left his leavy Bowers,  
Drawn by the sounds of Echoes sad report,  
That with shill notes and high resounding voyce,  
Doth pierce the very caverns of the earth,  
And rings through hills and dales the sad laments,  
Of vertues losse, and Sephos mournful plaints.  
Now Morpheus rouze thee from thy sable Den,  
Charme all his senses with a slumbering trance,  
Whil'st old Sylvanus send a lovely trayne  
Of Satyres, Driades, and watry Nymphes,  
Out of their Bowersto tune their silver-strings,

And

# WILY BEGVILDE.

And with sweet sounding Musick sing,  
Some pleasing Madrigales and Roundelayes,  
To comfort Sophos in his deep distress.      Exit Silvanus.

Enter the Nymphs and Satyres Singing.

## THE SONG.

1.

S Atyres sing, let sorrows keep her Cell,  
S Let warbling Echoes ring,  
And sounding Musick yell,  
Through hills, through dales, sad grief and care to kill,  
In him long since, alas, hath griev'd his fill.

2.

Sleep no more, but wake and live content,  
Thy grief the Nymphs deplore :  
The Sylvan Gods lament  
To bear, to see thy moan, thy losse thy love ;  
Thy plaints to tears, the flinty Rocks do move.

3.

Grive not then, the Queen of love is mild,  
She sweetly smiles on men,  
When Reason's must beguil'd ;  
Her looks, her smiles, are kind, are sweet and fair,  
Awake therefore, and sleep no more in care.

4.

Love intends to free thee from annoy,  
His Nymph Sylvanus sends,  
To bid thee live in joy,  
In hope, in joy, sweet love delights imbrace,  
Fair love her self, will yield thee so much grace.

Exeunt the Nymphs and Satyres.

Sophos

# WILY BEGVILDE.

*Sophos.* What do I do hear? what harmony is this,  
VVith silver-sound that glutteth *Sophos* ears,  
And drives sad passions from his heavy heart,  
Presaging some good future hap shall fall,  
After these blustering blasts of discontent?  
Thanks gentle Nymphs, and Satyres too adieu,  
That thus compassionate a Loyal Lovers woe,  
VVhen heaven sits smiling at his dire mishaps

Enter *Fortunatus*.

*Fortunatus.* VVith weary steps I trace these desert groves,  
And search to find out *Sophos* secret walks,  
My trust vowed friend, and *Lelias* dearest Love.

*Sop.* VVhat voice is this sounds *Lelias* sacred name? riseth,  
Is it some Satyre that hath viewed her late,  
And's grown enamour'd of her gorgeous hiew?

*Fortunatus.* No Satyre, *Sophos*, but thy ancient friend:  
VVhose dearest blood do rest at thy command,  
Hath sorrow lately blear'd thy watry eyes,  
That thou forgettest the lasting league of Love,  
Long time was vowed betwixt thy self and me?  
Look on me man; I am thy frind.

*Sophos.* O, now I know thee, now thou nam'st my friend:  
I have no friend to whom I dare  
Unload the burthen of my grief,  
But one *Fortunatus*, he's my second self,  
My *Fortunatus*, fortunate venter.

*Fort.* How fares my friend? methinks you look not well:  
Your eyes are sunck, your cheeks look pale and wan,  
VVhat means this alteration?

*Sophos.* My mind, sweet friend, is like a restless ship,  
That's hurl'd and cast upon the surging seas,  
By Boreas bitter blasts and Eols whistling winds,  
On rocks and sands, farre from the wished port  
VVhereon my silly ship desires to land,  
Fair *Lelias* love, that is my wished haven,  
VVherein my wandring thoughts would take repose,  
For want of which, my restless thoughts are cast:

For

# WILY BEGVILDE.

For want of which all *Sophos* joies are lost.

*Fortu.* Doth *Sophos* love my sister *Lelia*?

*Sophos.* She, she it is, whose love I wish to gain:

Nor need I wish, nor do I love in vain,

My love she doth repaire with equal meed:

'Tis strange you'l say that *Sophos* should not speed.

*Fortunatus.* Your love repaid with equal meed:

And yet you languish still in love? 'tis strange:

From whence proceeds your grief? unfold unto your friend,  
A friend may yield relief.

*Sophos.* My want of wealth is author of my grief,

Your father saies my state is too too low:

I am no Hobby-bred, I may not soare so high, as *Lelias* love,

The lofty Eagle will not catch at flies.

When I with *Icarus* would soare against the Sunne,

He is the only fiery *Phaeton* denies my course,

And seares my waxen wings, when as I soare aloft:

He mewes fair *Lelia* up from *Sophos* sight,

That not so much as paper pleads remoufe:

Thrice three times *Sol* hath slept in *Thetis* lap,

Since these mine eies beheld sweet *Lelias* face.

What greater grief? what other hell then this,

To be denied to come where my beloved is?

*Fortu.* Do you alone love *Lelia*?

Have you no rivals with you in your love?

*Sophos.* Yes onlie one, and him your father backs,

Tis *Peter Ploddal*, rich *Ploddals* sonne and heir,

One whose base rustick rude desert

Unworthy farre to win so fair a prize:

Yet means your father for to make a match

For *Golden Lucre*, with this *Coridon*,

And scornes at vertues loie: hence grows my grief.

*Fortu.* If it be true, I hear there is one *Churms* beside,  
Makes suite to win my sister to his bride.

*Sophos.* That cannot be, *Churms* is my vowed friend,

Whose tongue relates the tenour of my love

To *Lelias* ears, I have no other means.

# WILY BEGVILDE.

Fortu. Well, trust him not ; the Tyger hides his Claws  
When oft he doth pretend the greatest guiles,  
But stay, here comes Lelias Nurse.

Enter Nurse.

Sophos. Nurse, what news?  
How fares my Love?

Nurse. How fares she, quotha ? Marry she may fare how  
she will for you, neither come to her, nor send to her of a  
whole fortnight ?

Now I weare to you by my Maiden-head, if my Husband  
should have serv'd me so, when he came a wooing to me, I  
would never have lookt on him with a good face, as long as  
I had lived.

But he was as kind a wretch as ever laid lips of a woman, he  
would a come thorow the windows, or doors, or walls, or  
any thing, but he would have come to me.

Marry after we had been married a while, his kindness began  
to slack, for i'le tell you what he did :

He made me believe he would go to Green-goose fair,  
and i'le be Sworne, he tooke his leggs and ranne clean a-  
way :

And I am afraid you'le prove even such another kind piece  
to my Mistresse : for shee sits at home in a corner weeping  
for you ; and i'le be sworne, shee's ready to dye upward for  
you.

And her father oth'other side, he yoles at her, and joles at her,  
and she leads such a life for you, it passes, and you'l neither  
come to her, nor send to her :

Why, she thinks you have forgotten her.

Sophos. Nay, then let heavens in sorrow end my dayes,  
And fatal fortune never cease to frown ;  
And heaven and earth, and all conspire to pull me down,  
If black oblivion seize upon my heart,  
Once to estrange my thoughts from Lelias love.

Fortunatus. Why Nurse, I am sure that Lelia hears from  
Sophos once a day at least, by Charms the Lawyer,  
Who is his only friend.

Nurse.

# WILY BEGVILDE.

*Nurse.* What, young Master ? God bless mine eye-sight,  
Now by my Maiden-head y'are welcome home,  
I am sure my Mistress will be glad to see you.  
But what say you of Master *Churms* ?

*Fortu.* Marry, I say he is a wel-willer to my sister *Lelia*,  
And a secret friend to *Sophos*.

*Nurse.* Marry the Devil he is : trust him, and hang him :  
why, he cannot speake a good word on him to my old Master;  
and he does so rifle before my Mistress with his Barbarian  
eloquence, and strut before her in a pair of Polonian legges,  
as he were a Gentleman Usher to the great Turk, or to the  
Devil of *Dowgate*.

And if my Mistress would be rul'd by him, *Sophos* might goe  
snick-up : but he has such a butter-milk face, that shee'l ne-  
ver have him.

*Sophos.* Can falsehood lurk in those enticing looks ?  
And deep dissemblance lye, where truth appears ?

*Fortu.* Injurious villany, to betray his friend !

*Nurse.* Sir, do you know the gentleman ?

*Fortu.* Faith not well.

*Nurse.* Why sir, he looks like a Red Herring at a Noble-  
mans table on Easter day, and he speaks nothing but Almond  
butter, and Sugar-candy.

*Fortu.* That's excellent.

*Sophos.* This world's the Chaos of confusion :  
No world at all but masse of open wrongs,  
Wherin a man, as in a Map, may see,  
The high road-way from woe to misery.

*Fortu.* Content your self, and leave these passions,  
Now do I sound the depth of all their drifts,  
The Devils device, and *Churms* his knavery,  
On whom his heart vowed to be reveng'd,  
I'll scatter them : the plot's already in my head.

*Nurse.* Hie thee home, and commend me to my sister,  
Bid her this night send for Master *Churms*,  
To him she must recount her many griefs,  
Exclaime against her Fathers hard constraint,

# WILY BEGVILDE.

And so cunninglie temporize with this cunning *Catso*,  
That he may think she love him as her life:  
Bid her tell him, if that by any means  
He can convey her forth her fathers gate,  
Vnto a secret friend of hers;  
The way to whom lies by the forrest side,  
That none but he shall have her to his bride.  
For her departure let her point the time,  
To morrow night when *Vesper* gins to shine,  
Here will I be, when *Lelia* comes this way,  
Accompanied with her Gentleman-usher,  
Whose amorous thoughts do dream on nought but love,  
And if this Bastinado hold,  
I'lle make him leave his wench with *Sophos* for a pawn;  
Let me alone to use him in his kind,  
This is the trap which for him I have laid,  
Thus craft by cunning once shall be betray'd;  
And for the Devil, i'lle conjure him:  
Good *Nurse* be gone, bid her not fail,  
And for a token bear to her this Ring,  
Which well she knows, for when I saw her last,  
It was her favour and she gave it me.

*Sophos.* And bear her this from me,  
And with this Ring, bid her receive my heart:  
My heart? alas my heart I cannot give,  
How should I give her that which is her own?

*Nurse.* And your heart be hers, her heart is yours,  
And so change is not robberie,  
Well i'lle give her your tokens, and tell her what ye say.

*Fortunatus.* Doe good *Nurse*: but in any case let not my  
Father know that I am here, until we have effected all our  
purposes.

*Nurse.* I'lle warrant you, I will not play with you,  
As Master *Churms* do with *Sophos*:

I would ha my ears cut from my head first.

Exit *Nurse*.

*Fortu.* Come *Sophos* cheer up your self, man,  
Let hope expell these melancholie dumps,

Meane.

# WILY BEGVILDE.

Meane while, lets in,  
Expecting how the events of this device will fall:  
Until to morrow at th' appointed time,  
When wee le expect the comming of your Love.  
VVhat man, i'le work it through the fire,  
But you shall have her.

Sophos. And I will studie to deserve this love,

Exeunt.

Enter William Cricket solus.

Will. Look on me, and of Master Churms :  
A good proper man :  
Marry Master Churms has something a better pair of  
Legges indeed :  
But for a sweet Face, a fine Beard, comely corps,  
And a carowsing Codpiece,  
All England if it can  
shew me such a man,  
To win a wench by gis,  
To clip, to coll, to kisse,  
As William Cricket is.  
Why look you now, if I had bin such a great long, large,  
Lobcock, Loseld Lurden, as Master Churms is,  
I'le warrant you, I should never have got Pegge as long as I  
had lived : for (doe you mark) a Wench will never love a  
man that has all his substance in his Legges,  
But stay, here comes my Land-lord,  
I must go and salute him.

Enter old Ploddall, and his sonne Peter.

Ploddall, Come hither Peter, when didst thou see Robin-good-fellow ? He's the man must do the fact,

Peter: Faith Father, I see him not this two daies ; but i'le seek him out ; for I know he'le doe the deed, and she were twenty Lelias.

For Father, he's a very cunning man : for, give him but ten groates, and he'le give me a powder, that will make Lelias come to bed to me.

And

# WILY BEGVILDE.

And when I have her there, Ile use her well enough.

*Ploddall*, will he so? Marry I will give him forty shillings if I can do it.

*Peter*. Nay, he'l doe more then that too, For he'l make himself like a Devel, and fray the Scholler that hankers about her, out on's wits.

*Ploddall*. Marry, Jesus bleffe us : will he so : Marry thou shalt have vorty shillings to give him, and thy mother shall bestow a hard cheese on him beside.

*Will*. Land-lord a pox on you, this good morne.

*Ploddall*. How now foole, dost curse me :

*Will*. How now foole, how now Catterpiller ? It's a signe of death, when such vermine creepe hedges so early in the morning.

*Peter*. Sirra, Foule manners, doe you know to whom you speake.

*Will*. Indeed *Peter*, I must confess I want some of your wooing manners, or else I might have turn'd my fair bush tayle to you instead of your father : and have given you the ill salutation this morning.

*Ploddall*. Let him alone *Peter*, Ile temper him well ynough.

*Sarra*, I heare say you must be marryed shortly, Ile make you pay a sweet fine for your house, for this, Ha, *sarra*, am not I your Land-lord;

*Will*. Yes for fault of a better, but you get neither sweet fine nor lower fine of me.

*Ploddall*. My Masters, I pray you bare witnesse : I doe discharge him then,

*Will*. My Masters, I pray you bare witnesse : My Land-lord has given me a generall discharge.

Ile be married presently, my fine's payd : I have a discharge for it,

*He offers to go away*

*Ploddall*. Nay prethee stay.

*Will*. No, Ile not stay, Ile goe call the Clark, Ile be cryed out upon ith' Church presently, what ho, What Clarke I say, where are you,

*Enter Clarke*.

*Clarke*

# WILY BEGVILDE.

Clarke. Who calls me, what would you have with me.

Will. Marry sir, I would have you to make proclamation, that if any manner of man, 'oth' Town, or 'oth' Country, can lay any charge to *Pegge Pudding*, let him bring word to the cryer, or else *William Cricket* will wipe his nose of her.

Clarke. You mean you would be ask i'th Church?

Will. I that's it: a bote on't, I cannot hit of these marrying terms yet.

And Ile desire my Land-lord here and his sonne, to be at the celebration of my marriage too:

Y faith *Peter*, you shall cramme your guts full of Cheesecakes and Custards there.

And firra *Clarke*, if thou wilt say Amen stoutly:

Y faith my powder Beef slave,

I'le have a rump of Beef for thee, shall make thy mouth stand oth tother side.

Clarke. When would you have it done?

Will. Marry eeue as soon as it may be; let me see, I will be askt i'th Church of Sunday at morning prayer, and againe at evening prayer: and the next Holiday that comes I will be arkt i'th forenoone, and married i'th afternoone: For (doe you mark?) I am none of these sneaking fellows that will stand thrumming of Caps, and studying upon a matter as long as *Hunkes* with the great head has beeene about to shew his little wit, in the second part of his pauletry poetricie: but if I begin with wooing, i'le end with Wedding.

And therefore good *Clark*, let me have it done with all speed for I promise you, I am very sharp set.

Clarke. Faith you may be askt i'th Church on Sunday at Morning prayer, but *Sir John* cannot tend to doe it at Evening prayer: for there comes a companie of Players to'th Town on Sundaie i'th afternoon: and *Sir John* is so good a fellow, that I know he'le scarce leave their companie to say Evening prayer.

For (though I say it) he's a verie painful man, and takes so great delight in that facultie, that he'le take as great pains about

# WILY BEGVILDE.

about building of a Stage, or so, as the basest fellow among them.

*Will.* Nay, if he have so lawful an excuse, I am content to deferre it one day the longer :

And Land-lord, I hope you and your son Peter will make bold with us, and trouble us.

*Ploddal.* Nay *William*, we would be loath to trouble you : but you shall have our company there.

*Will.* Faith you shall be heartily welcome, and we will have good merry Rogues there, that will make you laugh till you burst.

*Peter.* VVhy, *William*, what company doe you meane to have ?

*Will.* Marry, first and formost, there will be an honest Dutch Cobler, that will sing (*I will no meare to Bargin go*) the best that ever you did hear:

*Ploddal.* VVhat must a Cobler be your chief guest ?  
VVhy he's a base fellow.

*Will.* A base fellow ? you may be ashamed to say so ;  
For he's a honest fellow, and a good fellow.  
And he begins to carry the very badge of all good fellowship upon his nose ; that I doe not doubt but in time, he will prove as good a cuppe-companion as *Robin-good-fellow* himself :

I, and he's a tall fellow, and a man of his hands too,  
For Ile tell you what, tye him to'th Bul-ling, and for a Bag-pudding, a Cuskard, a Cheese-cake, a Hogs Creeke, or a Calves head, turn any man i'ch town to him, and if he do not prove himself as tall a man as he, let blind *Hugh* bewitch him, and turn his body into a Barrel of strong Ale, and let his Nose be the Spiggat, his mouth the Fosset, and his Tongue a Plugge for the bung-hole.

And then there will be *Robin-good-fellow*, as good a drunken Rogue as lives : and *Tom Shoemaker*, and I hope you will not deny that he's an honest man, for he was Constable o'th Town.

And a number of other honest Rascals, which though they

# WILY BEGVILDE.

are grown bankrouts, and live at the reversion of other mens tables.

Yet (thanks be to God) they have a penny amongst them at all times for their need.

Ploddal. Nay, if Robin-good-fellow be there you shal be sure to have our company:

For he's one that we hear very well of,  
And my sonne here has some occasion to use him:  
And therefore if we may know when 'tis,  
We'll make bold to trouble you.

Will. Yes, I'll send you word.

Ploddal. VVhy then farwel, til we hear from you.

Exeunt Ploddal and his sonne.

Will. VVell Clarke, you'll see this matter bravely performed: let it be done as it should be,

Clarke. I'll warrant ye, fear not.

Will. VVhy then go you to Sir John, and I to my wench, and bid her give her Maydenhead warning to prepare it self: for the destruction of it is at hand.

Exeunt.

Enter Lelia sola.

Lelia. How Love and Fortune both, with eager mood,  
Like greedy Hounds, do hunt my tyred heart,  
Rowz'd forth the thickets of my wonted joyes:  
And Cupid winds his shrill not Bugle horn,  
For joy my silly heart so near is spent:  
Desire, that eager Curre pursues the chase,  
And fortune rides a main unto the fall:  
Now sorrow sings, and mourning bears a part,  
I laying harsh descant on my yielding heart.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. VVhat news?

Nurse. Faith, a whole Sack full of news:  
You love Sophos, and Sophos loves you;  
And Peter Ploddal loves you, and you love not him;  
And you love not Master Churms, and he loves you,

# WILY BEGVILDE.

So he's love and no love,  
And I loye, and I love not,  
And I cannot tell what:  
But of all, and of all, Master Churms must be the man you  
must love.

*Lelia.* Nay, first i'le mount me on the winged wind,  
And flee for succour to the farthest Ind.  
Must I love Master Churms?

*Nurse.* Faith you must, and you must not.

*Lelia.* As how, I pray thee?

*Nurse.* Marry I have commendations to you.

*Lelia.* From whom?

*Nurse.* From your brother Fortunatus.

*Lelia.* My brother Fortunatus?

*Nurse.* No, from Sophos.

*Lelia.* From my Love?

*Nurse.* No, from neither.

*Lelia.* From neither?

*Nurse.* Yes from both.

*Lelia.* Prethee leave thy foolery, and let me know thy  
new.

*Nurse.* Your brother *Fortunatus*, and your Love, to mor-  
row night will meet you by the Forrest side,  
There to conferre about I know not what:  
But 'tis like that *Sophos* will make you of his privy counsel  
before you come again.

*Lelia.* Is *Fortunatus* then returned from the wars?

*Nurse.* He is with *Sophos* every day,  
But in any case you must not let your father know,  
For he hath sworn he will not be descry'd,  
Until he hath affected your desires,  
For he swaggers, and swears out of all cry,  
That he will venture all,  
Both fame and blood, and limme and life,  
But *Lelia* shall be *Sophos* wedded wife.

*Lelia.* Alas, Nurse, My fathers jealous brain,  
Both scarce allow me once a moneth to go,

# WILY BEGUILDE

Beyond the compasse of his watchful eyes,  
Nor once afford me any conference  
With any man, except with Master *Churms*,  
Whose crafty brain beguiles my facher so,  
That he reposeth truth in none but him :  
And though he seeks for favour at my hand,  
He takes his mark amiss and shoots awry :  
For I had rather see the Devil himself,  
Then *Churms* the Lawyer :  
Therefore how I should meet him by the Forrest side,  
I cannot possibly devise.

*Nurse.* And Master *Churms* must be the man must work the means,

You must this night send for him :  
Make him believe you love him mightily,  
Tell him you have a secret friend dwells far away beyond the Forrest :  
To whom, if he can secretly convey you from your father,  
Tell him you will love him better then ever God loved him :  
And when you come to the place appointed,  
Let them alone to discharge the knave of Clubs :  
And that you must not fail,  
Here receive this Ring which *Fortunatus* sent you for a token :  
This is the plot that you must prosecute,  
And this from *Sophos* as his true loves pledge.

*Lelia.* This Ring my brother sent, I know right well,  
But this, my true Loves pldge, I more esteeme  
Then all the Golden mines the soyled earth contains :  
And see in happy time here comes Master *Churms*. Enter *Ch.*  
Now Love and Fortune, both conspire,  
And sort their drifts to compasse my desires.  
Master *Churms*, y'are well met ; I am glad to see you,

*Churms.* And I as glad to see fair *Lelia*,  
As ever *Pearis* was to see his dear ;  
For whom so many Trojans blood was spilt ;  
Nor think, I would do lesse then spend my dearest blood,

# WILY BEGVILDE.

To gain fair Lelias love, although by losse of life.

Nurse. Faith Mistresse, he speaks like a Gentleman :  
Let me perswade you,

Be not hard-harted,

Soglos ? Why, why what's he ?

If he had lov'd you but halfe so well, he would ha come  
through stnewalles but he would have come to you ere  
this.

Lelia. I must confess I once lov'd *Sophos* wel,  
But now I cannot Love him, whom all the world knows to  
be a dissembler.

Churms. Ere I would wrong my Love with one daies ab-  
sence,

I would passe the boyling *Hellespont*,

As once *Leander* did for *Heroes* love :

Or undertake a greater task then that,

Ere I would be disloyal to my Love ;

And if that *Lelia* give her free consent,

That both our loves may sympathize in one,

My hand, my heart, my love, my life and all,

Shal ever tend on *Lelia*as fair command.

*Lelia*. Master *Churms*, me thinks 'tis strange, you should  
make such a motion :

Say I should yield, and grant her love,

When most you should expect a sun-shine day,

My Fathers wil would marre your hop't for hay :

And when you thought to reap the fruits of love,

His hard constraint would blast it in the bloom ;

For he so dotes on *Peter Ploddals* pelfe,

That none but he forsooth must be the man :

And I will rather match my self

Unto a groom of *Plutoes* grislie denne,

Then unto such a silly Golden Ass.

*Churms*. Bravely resolved yfaith,

*Lelia*. But to be short :

I have a secret friend that dwells from hence,  
Some two daies journey, that's the most,

And

# WILY BEGVILDE.

And if you can, (as well I know you may,) convey me thither secretly :

For company I desire no other than your own ;  
Here take my hand ;  
That once perform'd my heart is next.

*Churms.* If on th' adventure all the danger lay,  
That Europe or the westerne world affords,  
VVere it to combate Cerberus himself,  
Or scale the brazen wall of Plutoes Court ;  
VVhen as there is so fair a Prize propos'd,  
If I shrink back, or leave it unperform'd,  
Let the world Cannonize me for a Coward :  
Appoint the time, and leave the rest to me.

*Lelia.* When nights black mantle over-spread the skie,  
And dayes bright Lampe is drenched in the VVest,  
To morrow night I think the fittest time,  
That silent shade may give our safe convay,  
Unto our wished hopes, unseen of living eye.

*Churms.* And at that time I will not fail,  
In that, or ought that may availe.

*Nurse.* But what if *Sophos* should meet you in the Forrest side,  
And encounter you with his single Rapier ?

*Churms.* *Sophos* ? a hop of my thumb, a wretch, a wretch :  
Should *Sophos* meet us there accompanied with some Champion,  
With whom 'twere any credit to encounter,  
Were he as stout as *Hercules* himself,  
Then would I buckle with him hand to hand,  
And bandy blows as thick as hailestones fall,  
And carry *Lelia* away in spight of all their force.  
What ? Love will make Cowards fight :  
Much more a man of my resolution.

*Lelia.* And on your resolution i'le depend, until to morrow at th' appointed, when i'le look for you ;  
Till when, i'le leave you and go make preparation for our journey.

*Exeunt Lelia and Nurse.*

*Churms.*

# WILY BEGVILDE.

*Churms.* Farwel fair Love until we meet again,  
Why so, did not I tell you she would be glad to runne away  
with me at length?  
Why this fals out, eene as a man would say, thus I would  
have it,  
But now I must cast about for money too:  
Let me see; I have outlaw'd three or four of *Gripes* debtors,  
And I have the Bonds in mine own hands:  
The summe that is due to him, is some two or three hundred  
pounds.  
Well, I'le to them, if I can but get one half,  
I'le deliver them their bonds, and leſſ the other half to their  
own consciences, and so I shall be ſure to get money to bear  
my charges:  
When all failer, well fare a good wit.  
But soft, no more of that:  
Here comes Master *Gripe*.

## Enter *Gripe*.

*Gripe.* What Master *Churms*? what all alone? how fares  
your body?

*Churms.* Faith ſir, reasonable well: I am eene walking here  
to take the fresh ayre.

*Gripe.* Tis very holsome this fair weather:  
But Master *Churms* how like you my daughter?  
Can you do any good on her? will ſhe be rul'd yet?  
How stands ſhe affiected to *Peter Ploddal*?

*Churms.* O very well ſir: I have made her very confor-  
mable.

O let me alone to perſwade a woman:  
I hope you ſhall ſee her married within this week at moſt,  
I mean to my ſelf. He ſpeaks to himſelf.

*Gripe.* Master *Churms*, I am ſo exceedingly beholding to  
you,  
I cannot tell how I ſhall requite your kindness,  
But i' th mean time her's a brace of Angels for you to drink  
for your pains.

This

# WILY BEGVILDE.

This newes hath eene lightned my heart,  
O sir, my neighbour *Ploddall* is very wealthy.  
Come Master *Ghurms*, you shall go home with me,  
We'lle have good cheer and be merry for this to night yfaith.  
*Ghurms*, vVell let them laugh that winne. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Pegge and her Grannam.*

*Pegge.* Grannam, give me but two Crowns of red Gold,  
And I'le give you two pence of white silver,  
If *Robin* the Devil be not a water-witch.

*Mother Mid.* Marry, Jesus bless us, why prethee?

*Pegge.* Marry, I'le tell you why:  
Upon the morrow after the blessed New-year,  
I came trip, trip, trip, over the market hill,  
Holding up my Petticoat to the calves of my leggs,  
To shew my fine coulered stockings.  
And how finely I could foot it in a pair of new cork't shoes  
I had bought:

And there I espyed this *Mounsirs Muffe*, lyē gaping up into  
the skies.

To know how many Mades would be with Child in the  
town all the year after.

O'tis a base vexation slave,  
How the Country talkes of the large-rib'd varlet.

*Mother Mid.* Marry out upon him: what a Friday-fac'd  
slave it is:

I think in my conscience, his face never keeps holiday.

*Pegge.* Why, his face can never be at quiet,  
He has such a choleric Nose,  
I durst ha sworn by my maiden-head,  
(God forgive me that I should take such an oath)  
That if *William* had had such a nose, I should never ha loved  
him.

*Enter Will Cricket.*

*Will.* VVhat rattling is here of Noses?  
Come *Pegge* we are toward marriage, let us talk of that may  
do us good; *Grannam*, what will you give us towards house-  
keeping?

*Mother*

# WILY BEGVILDE.

Mother M. Why William, we are talking of Robin-good-Fellow; what think you of him?

Will. Marry I say, he looks like a Tankard-bearer,  
That dwels in Petticoat lane, at the ygn of the Mearemaid :  
And I swear by the blood of my Codpiece,  
And I were a woman, I would lugge off his love ears,  
Or run him to death with a spit : and for his face,  
I think 'tis pity there is not a Law made,  
That it should be felonyn to name it in any other places  
Than in bawdy-houses :  
But Grannam what will you give us ?

Mother M. Marry I will give Pegge a Pot and a Pan,  
Two Platters, a Dish and a Spoon, a Dog and a Cat : I trow  
she'll prove a good Huswife,  
And love her husband well too.

Will. If she love me, i'le love her : yfaith my sweet hony  
combe, i'le love thee, *A per se A.*  
We must be ask't in Church next Sunday, and weele be mar-  
ried presently.

Pegge. Yfaith William weele have a merry day on't.  
Mother Mid. That we will yfaith Pegge : weel have a whole  
noyse of Fidlers there ;  
Come Pegge, let's hye us home, weele make a Bag-pudding to  
supper,  
And William shall go and sup with us.

Will. Come on yfaith.

Exeunt,

Enter Fortunatus and Sophos.

(Love ?

Fort. Why how now Sophos all a mort? Still languishing in  
VVill not the presence of thy friend prevail ?  
Nor hope expel these sullen fits ?  
Cannot mirth wring; if but a forged smile  
From those sad drooping looks of thine ?  
Rely on hope, whose hap will lead thee right  
To her, whom thou dost call thy hearts delight :  
Look cheerly man, the time is neer at hand,  
That Hymen mounted on a snow-white Coach,  
Shall tend on Sophos and his lovely Bride.

Sophos,

# WILY BEGVILDE.

*Sophos.* Tis impossible, her Father, her Father,  
He's all for *Peter Ploddall*,

*Fortunatus.* Shou'd I but see that *Ploddal* offer love :

This sword should pierce the peasants breast,

And chase his soul from of his accursed corps,

By an unwonted way, unto the grisly lake,

But now the appointed time is near,

Tha: *Churms* should come, with his supposed Love :

Then sit we down under these leavy shades. *They sit down*,

And wait the time of *Lelias* wisht approach.

*Sophos.* I, here i'le wait for *Lelias* wisht approach,

More wisht to me, then is a calme at Seas

To shipwracke souls, when great *Neptune* frowns.

Though sad despair hath almost drown'd my hopes :

Yet would i. passe the burning vault of *Orke*,

As erst did *Hercules* to fetch his Love,

If I might meet my love upon the strand,

And but injoy her love one minuite of an hour. *Enter Robin*.

But stay, what man, or devil, or hellish fiend, comes here,

Transformed in this ugly unquoth shape ?

*Fortu.* O, Peace a while, you shall see good sport anon.

*Robin.* Now I am cloathed in this hellish shape ;

If I could meet with *Sophos* in these woods,

O, he would take me for the Devil himself,

I should ha good laughing, beside the forty shillings *Peter*

*Ploddall* has given me : and if I get no more, I am sure of that,

But soft : now I must try my cunning, for here he sits,

The high Commander of the damned souls,

Great *Dis*, the Duke of Devils, and Prince of Limbo lake,

High Regent of *Acharon*, *Styx*, and *Phlegeton*,

By strict command from *Pluto* Hells great Monarch,

And fair *Proserpina* the Queen of Hell,

By ful consent of all the damned Hages,

And all the fiends that keep the Stygian plains,

Hath sent me here from depth of under ground,

To summon thee to appear at *Plutoes* Court.

*Fortunatus.* A man, or devil, or what so're thou art,

# WILY BEGVILDE.

I'le try if blows will drive thee down to Hell,

Belike thou art the Devils Parrator,

The basest Officer hat lives in Hel,

For such thy words imports thee for to be :

'Tis pity you should come so farre without a fee :

And because I know money goes low with *Sophos*,

I'le pay you your fees :

*He beats him.*

Take that, and that, and that, upon thee,

*Robin.* O, good sir, I beseech you, I'le do any thing.

*Fortunatus.* Then downe to hel for sure thou art a Devil.

*Robin.* O, hold your hand, I am not a Devil by my troth.

*Fortunatus.* Sounds dost thou crosse me ? I say thou art a Devil.

*Beats him again.*

*Robin.* O Lord sir, save my Life, and i'le say as you say.  
Or any thing else you'le ha me doe.

*Fortu.* Then stand up, and make a preaching of thy pedigree, and how at the first thou leard'ſt this devilish trade :  
Up I say.

*Beats him.*

*Robin.* O I wil sir. *Stands upon a stool.*  
Although in some places I bear the title of a scurvy Gentleman :

By birth, I am a Boat-wrights sonne of *Hull*,  
My father got me of a refus'd Hagge,  
Under the old ruines of *Boobios* barn ;  
Who as she liv'd, at length she likewise dy'd,  
And for her good deeds went unto the Devil :  
But Hel, not wont to harbour such a guest,  
Her fellow Fiends do daily make complaint,  
Unto grim *Plato*, and his Lady *Qneen*,  
Of her unruly mis-behaviour :

Intreating that a Pasport might be drawn  
For her to wander til the day of Doom  
On earth again, to vex the minds of men,  
And swore she was the fittest Fiend in Hel,  
To drive men to desperation,

To

# WILY BEGVILDE.

To this intent, har Pasport then was drawn,  
And in a whicle-wind forth of hel she came ;  
Ore hills she hurls, and scowres along the plaines :  
The trees flew up by th' roots, the earth did quake for fear,  
The houses tumble down, she playes the Devil and all ;  
At length not finding any one so fit  
To effect her devilish charge as I,  
She comes to me, as to her only child,  
And me her instrument in earth she made,  
And by that means, I learn'd her devilish trade,  
Sophos. O monstrous villaine !

Fortu. But tel me what's thy course of life ?  
And how thou shiftest for maintenance in the world ?

Robin. Faith sir, I am in a manner a Promoter,  
Or more fitly tearm'd a Promoting Knave,  
I creep into the presence of great men,  
And under colour of their friendships,  
Effect such wonders in the world,  
That Babes wil curse me that are yet unborn,  
Of the best men, I raise a common fame,  
And honest women, rob of their good name,  
Thus daily tumbling in comes all my drifts :  
That I get best, is got but by a shift ;  
But the chief course of all my Life,  
Is to set discord betwixt man and wife.

Fortu. Out upon thee Canibal. He beats him.  
Dost thou think thou shalt ever come to heaven ?

Robin. I have little hope for haeven, or heavenly blisse :  
But if in hel doth any place remain,  
Of more esteem then is another room,  
I hope as a guerdon for my just desert,  
To have it for my detestable acts.

Fortu. Wert not thy tongue condemns thy guilty soul,  
I could not think that on this living earth,  
Did breath a villaine more audacious,  
Go, get thee gone, and come not in my walk ; Beats him.  
For if thou dost, thou commest unto thy woe,

# WILY BEGVILDE.

Rob. The Devil himself was never conjur'd so. *Exit Rob.*

Sophos. Sure he's no man, but an incarnate Devil,  
Whose ugly shape betrayes his monstrous mind.

Fortu. And if he be a Devil, I am sure he's gone :  
But Charms the Lawyer will be here anon,  
And with him comes my sister *Lelia* :  
'Tis he I am sure you look for.

Sophos. Nay she it is that I expect so long.

Fortu. Then sit we down until we hear more news,  
This but a prologue to our play ensues. *They sit down.*

Enter Charms, and Lelia.

But see where Charms and Lelia comes along,  
He walks as stately as the great Baboon.

Sounds, he looks as though his Mother was a Midwife,

Sophos. Now gentle Jove, great Monark of the world,  
Grand good successe unto my wondring hopes.

Charms. No Phæbus silver-eye is drencht in western deep,  
And Luna gins to shew her splendent rays,  
And all the harmekesse Quiresters of woods,  
Do take repose, save only Phylomell,  
Whose heavy tunes do evermore record  
With mournful layes the losses of her love.  
Thus farre fair Love, we passe in secret sort,  
Beyond the compasse of thy father's bounds,  
Vvhile he on down-soft bed securely sleeps,  
And not so much as dream of our depart,  
The danger past, now think of nought but love,  
Ile be thy dear, be thou my heart's delight.

Sophos. Nay first, ile send thy soul to coal-black night.

Charms. Thou promid'st love, now seal it with a kisse.

Fortu. Nay, soft sir, your marke's at the fairest,  
Forswear her love, and seal it with a kisse,  
Upon the burnishe splendor of this blade,  
Or it shall rip the intrals of thy peasant heart.

Sophos. Nay, let me do it, that's my part.

Charms. You wrong me much to rob me of my Love,

Sophos. Avaunt base bragard, Lelias mine,

Charms.

# WILY BEGVIDE.

*Churms.* She lately promis'd love to me.

*Fortu.* Peace, Night-raven, peace, i'le end this contro-  
versie.

Come Lelia stand between them both,

As equal Judge to end the strife :

Say which of these shal have thee to his wife :

I can devise no better way then this :

Now chuse thy Love, and greet him with a kisse.

*Lelia.* My choice is made, and here it is. *She kisses Sophos.*

*Sophos.* See here the mirrour of true constancy,

Whose stedfast love deserve a Princes worth,

*Lelia.* Master Churms are you not well ?

I must confess I wou'd have chosen you,

But that I ne'r beheld your leggs till now :

Trust me, I never lookt so low before.

*Churms.* I know you use to look aloft.

*Lelia.* Yet not so high as your Crown.

*Churms.* What if you had ?

*Lelia.* Faith I should have spied a Calves head.

*Churms.* Sounds, coozend of the wench, and scot too ?

'Tis intolerable, and shal I lose her thus ?

How't mads me, that I brought not my sword and buckler  
with me !

*Fortu.* What, are you in your sword and buckler termes ?  
I'le put you out of that humour :

There, Lelia sends you that by me, Beates him.

And that to recompence your loves desire :

And that, as payment for your well earn'd hire.

Go, get thee gone, and boast of Lelias Love.

*Churms.* VVhere ere I go, i'le leave with her my curse,  
And raile on you with speeches vild.

*Fortu.* A crafty Knave was never so beguil'd,

Now Sophos hopes have had their lucky haps,

And he enjoyes the presence of his Love,

My vows perform'd, and I am full reveng'd

Upon this hel-bred brace of cursed imps :

Now rests nought but my fathers free consent,

To

# WILY BEGVILDE.

To knit the knot that time can ne'r untwist,  
And that, as this, I likewise wil perform:  
No sooner shal *Auroreas* pearled dew  
Ore-spred the mantled earth with silver drops,  
And *Phæbus* blesse the Orient with a blush,  
To chase black night to his deformed Cell:  
But i'le repair unto my fathers house,  
And never cease with my inticing words,  
To work his wil to knit this Gordian knot:  
'Til when, i'le leave you to your amorous chat:  
Dear friend, adieu, fair sister too farewell,  
Betake your selves unto some secret place,  
Until you hear from me how things fall out.

Exit Fortas.

*Sophos.* We both do wish a fortunate good night.

*Lelia.* And pray the Gods to guide thy steps aright.

*Sophos.* Now come fair *Lelia*, let's betake our selves  
Unto a little Hermitage here by:  
And there to live obscured from the world,  
Til Fates and Fortunes cal us thence away,  
To see the sun-shine of our Nuptial day.  
See how the twinkling stars do hide their borrowed shine,  
As half ashame their lustre is so stain'd  
By *Lelias* beauteous eyes, that shine more bright  
Than twinkling stars do in a Winters night:  
In such a night did *Paris* win his Love.

*Lelia.* In such a night *Aeneas* prov'd unkind.

*Sophos.* In such a night, died *Troylus* court his dear.

*Lelia.* In such a night, fair *Phillis* was betray'd.

*Sophos.* I'le prove as true as ever *Troylus* was.

*Lelia.* And I as constant as *Penelope*.

*Sophos.* Then let us solace, and in loves delight;  
And sweet imbracings spend the live-long night:  
And whilst love mounts her, on her wanton wing,  
Let Musicks run on Musicks silver strings.

Exeunt.

A Song.

# WILY BEGVILDE.

## A SONG.

1.

O Ld Tithon must forsake his dear,  
The Lark do chant her chearful lay :  
Aurora smiles with merry cheer,  
To welcome in a happy day.

2.

The Beasts do skippe,  
The sweet birds sing :  
The Wood Nymphs dance,  
The Echoes ring.

3.

The hollow Cave with joy resounds,  
And pleasure every where abounds :  
The graces linking hand in hand,  
In love have knit a glorious band.

Enter Robin-good-fellow, and Old Ploddall,  
and his Sonne Peter.

Ploddall. Heare you Master Good-fellow, how have you  
sped ?

Peter. Ha you play'd the Devil bravely, and scar'd the  
Scholler out on's wits ?

Robin. A pox of the Schollar.

Ploddall. Nay, harke you, I sent you vorty shillings, and  
you shal have the Cheese I promis'd you too.

Robin. A plague of the vorty shillings and the cheese too.

Peter. Hear you, will you give me the powder you told me  
of ?

Robin. How you vex me ! powder quoith a ?  
Sounds, I ha been powder'd.

Ploddall. Sonne, I doubt he will prove a crafty knave, and  
coczen us of our money :

We'l

# WILY BEGVILDE.

Wee'le go to Master Justice an i complaine on him, and get  
him whipt out o'th Country for a Conniscatcher.

*Peter.* I, or have his ears nayl'd to the Pillory :  
Come let's go. *Exeunt Ploddal and his sonne.*

*Enter Churms.*

*Churms.* Fellow Robin, what news, how goes the world?

*Robin.* Faith, the world goes I cannot tell how :  
How speed you with your Wench ?

*Churms.* I would the wench were at the Devil :  
A plague upon't, I never say my prayers,  
And that makes my have such ill luck.

*Robin.* I think the Schollar be-hanted me with some demy  
Devil.

*Churms.* Why, didst thou say him ?

*Robin.* Fray him ? a vengeance on't, all our shifting kna-  
verie's known.

We are counted very vagrants,  
Sounds, I am affraid of every Officer for whipping.

*Churms.* We are horribly hanted, our behaviour is so braſt-  
ly, that we are grown lothsome ; our craft get us nought but  
knockes.

*Robin.* What course shal we take now ?

*Churms.* Faith, I cannot tel, let's eene run our Country,  
For here's no staying for us.

*Robin.* Faith agreed, let's go into some place where we are  
not known, and there set up the art of knavery with the  
second edition. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Gripe solus.*

*Gripe.* Every one tells me I look better then I was wont,  
My heart's lightned, my spirits are revived :  
Why, me hinkes I am young again ;  
It joyes my heart, that this same peevish girl : my Daughter  
wil be rul'd at the last yet :  
But I shal ne'r be able to make Master *Churms* amends for the  
great pains he hath taken,

*Enter*

# WILY BEGVIDE.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Master, now out upon's, welladay, we are all undone.

Gripe. Undone! what sodain accident hath chanced?  
Speak, what's the matter?

Nurse. Alas, that ever I was born!

My Mistress and M. Churms are run away together.

Gripe. Tis not possible: ne'r tell me, I dare trust Master Churms with a greater matter ther that.

Nurse. Faith you must trust him whether you will or no,  
For he's gone.

Enter Will Cricket.

Will. M. Gripe, I was comming to desire that I might have your absence at my wedding, for I hear say you are very liberal grown alate.

For I spake with three or four of your debtors this morning that ought you a hundred pound a piece,  
And they told me that you sent M. Churms to them, and took of them ten pounds,

And of some twenty, and delivered them their bonds,  
And bad them pay the rest when they were able.

Gripe. I am undone, I am rob'd, my daughter, my mony!  
Which way are they gone?

Will. Faith sir, it's all to nothing, but your daughter and M. Churms are gone both one way.

Marry, your money flies some one way, and some another:  
And therefore 'tis but a folly to make hue and cry after it.

Gripe. Follow them, make hue and cry after them,  
My daughter, my money, all's gone, what shall I do?

Will. Faith if you will be rul'd by me,  
I'le tell you what you shall do:

(Marke what I say) for i'le teach you the way to come to Heaven if you stumble not;

Give all you have to the poor, but one single penny,  
And with that penny, buy you a good strong halter,  
And when you have done so, come to me, and I'le tell you what you shall do with it,

# WILY BEGVILDE.

*Gripe.* Bring me my daughter, that *Churms* that villaine,  
I'le tear him with my teeth.

*Nurse.* Master, nay do not run mad,  
I'll tell you good news :  
My young Master *Fortunatus* is come home,  
And see where he comes.

Enter *Fortunatus*.

*Gripe.* If thou hadst said *Lelia*, it had been something.

*Fortu.* Thus *Fortunatus* greets his father,  
And craves his blessing on his bended knee.

*Gripe.* I, here's my Sonne, but *Lelia* she'll not come ;  
Good *Fortunatus* rise, wilt thou shed tears,  
And help thy Father mone ?

*If so, say I :* if not good Sonne be gone.

*Fortu.* What moves my Father to these uncouth fits ?

*Will.* Faith sir, he's almost mad, I think hee cannot tell  
you :

And therefore I presuming sir, that my wits are something  
better than his at this time, (do you mark sir ?)

Out of the profound circumambulation of my supernatural  
wit, sir (do you understand ?)

Will tell you the whole superfluity of the matter, sir :  
Your sister *Lelia* sir, you know is a woman,  
As another woman is, sir.

*Fortu.* Well, and what of that ?

*Will.* Nay, nothing sir, but she fell in love with one *Sophos*  
a very proper wise young man sir ;

Now sir, your Father would not let her have him, sir ;  
But would have married her to one, sir,

That would have fed her with nothing but Barly Bagpuds-  
dings and fat Bacon,

Now sir, to tell you the truth,

The fool (yee know) has fortune to Land : But Mistresse  
*Lelia* s mouth doth not hang for that kind of dyet,

*Fortu.* And how then ?

*Will.* Marry then there was a certain cracking, cogging,  
Fettifogging, Butter-milke slave sir, one *Churms* sir, that

is

# WILY BEGVILDE.

is the very qu'ntessence of all the Knaves in the bunch, and if the best man of all his kin had been but so good as a Yeoman's sonne,

He should have been a markt knave by Letters patente,  
And he sir, comes me sneaking, and coozens them both of  
their wench, and is run away with her :

And sir, belike he has coozend your father here of a great  
deal of his money too.

*Nurse.* Sir, your father did trust him but too much ;  
But I alwayes thought he would prove a crafty knave.

*Gripe.* My trust's betray'd, my joyes exil'd,  
Grief kils the heart, my hopes beguil'd.

*Forth.* VVhere golden gain doth blear a Fathers eye,  
That precious pearl fetcht from *Parnassus* mount  
Is counted refuse, worse then *Bullen Brasse* :  
Both joyes and hopes hang on a silly twine,  
That still is subject unto flitting time,  
That turns joy into grief, and hope to sad dispair,  
And ends his dayes in wretched worldly care,  
Were I the richest Monarch under heaven,  
And had one Daughter thrice as fair  
As was the Grecian *Menelaus* wife,  
Ere I would match her to an untaught swaine,  
Though one whose wealth exceeded *Cræsus* store,  
Her self should choose and I applaud her choice,  
Of one more poor than ever *Sophos* was,  
Were his deserts but equal unto his,  
If I might speak without offence :  
You were to blame to hinder *Lelias* choice,  
As she in natures graces doth excel,  
So doth *Minerva* grace him full as well.

*Nurse.* Now, by Cock and Pie, you never spake a truer  
word in your life, he's a very kind Gentleman:  
For last time he was at our house, he gave me three-pence.

*Will.* O nobly spoken; God send *Pigge* to prove as wise a  
woman as her mother, and then we shall be sure to have wise  
children,

# WILY BEGVILDE.

Nay if he be so liberal, old Grandsire, you shall give him the good will of your Daughter.

*Gripe.* She is not mine, I have no Daughter now.  
That I should say I had, thence comes my grief:  
My care of *Lelia*, past Fathers love;  
My love of *Lelia*, makes my losse the more;  
My losse of *Lelia*, drowns my heart in woe;  
My hearts woe, makes this life a living death,  
Care, Love, Losse, Hearts woe, Living-death,  
Joyne all in one, to stop this vital breath.  
Curst be the time I gap'd for golden gain,  
I curse that time, I crost her in her choice:  
Her choice was vertuous, but my will was base,  
I sought to grace her from the Indian Mines,  
But she sought honour from the starry Mount:  
What frantick fit posset my foolish brain?  
What furious fancy fired to my heart,  
To hate fair virtue, and to scorn desert?

*Fortunatus.* Then Father, give Desert his due,  
Let natures graces and fair Vertues gifts,  
One sympathy and happy comfort make,  
Twixt *Sophos* and my sister *Lelia*as love:  
Conjoyn their hands, whose hearts have long been one  
And so conclude a happy union.

*Gripe.* Now 'tis too late:  
What Fates decree, can never be recal'd,  
Her luckless love is fallen to *Churms* his lot,  
And he usurpes fair *Lelia*as nuptial bed.

*Fortu.* That cannot be, fear of pursuit must needs prolong  
his nuptial rights;  
But if you give your full consent  
That *Sophos* may enjoy his long wisht Love,  
And have fair *Lelia* to his lovely Bride;  
I'lle follow *Churms* what ere betide:  
I'lle be as swift as the light-foot Roe,  
And over-take him ere his journeys end,  
And bring fair *Lelia* back unto my friend.

*Gripe.*

# WILY BEGVILDE.

Gripe. I here's my hand, I do consent,  
And think her happy in her happy choice ;  
Yet half fore-judge my hopes will be deceiv'd.  
But *Fortunatus* I must needs commend  
Thy contrast mind thou bearest unto thy friend,  
The after-Ages wondring at the same,  
Shall say, 'Tis a deed deserving lasting fame.

Fortu. Then rest you here till I return again,  
I'll go to *Sophos* ere I go along,  
And bring him hear to keep you company :  
Perhaps he hath some skill in hidden Arts  
Of Planets course, or secret Magick spels,  
To know where *Lelia* and that *Fox* lies hid,  
Whose craft so cunningly convey'd her hence. *Exit Fortu.*

Gripe. I, here i'll rest an hour or twain,  
Till *Fortunatus* do return again.

Will. Faith sir, this same *Churms* is a very scurvy Lawyer,  
for once I put a case to him, and methought his Law was not  
worth a Pudding.

Gripe. Why, what was your case ?

Will. Marry sir, my case was a *Gooses* case.  
For my dog worried my Neighbour Sow, and the Sow dyed.

Nurse. And he sued you upon wilful murder ?

Will. No but he went to law with me, and would make  
me either pay for his Sow, or hang my Dog :  
Now sir, to the same Retourner I went.

Nurse. To begge a pardon for your dog ?

Will. No, but to have some of his wit for my money :  
I gave him his fee, and promis'd him a *Goose* beside, for his  
Counsel.

Now sir, his counsel was to deny all was askt me,  
And to crave a longer time to answer,  
Though I knew the case was plain :  
So sir, I take his counsel : and alwaies when he sends to me  
for his *Goose*, I deny it, and crave a longer time to answer.

Nurse.

# WILY BEGVILDE.

Nurse. And so the Case was yours, and the Goose was his :  
And so it came to be a Gooses case,

Will. True, but now we are talking of Geese,  
See where Pegge and my Grannam *Midnight* comes.

Enter *Mother Midnight* and *Pegge*.

Mother Mid. Come Pegge, bestir your stumps, make thy self snugge, wench : thou must be married to morrow ;  
Let's go seek thy sweet-heart,  
To prepare all things in readinesse.

Pegge. Why Grannam, look where he is,

Will. Ha my sweet Traililly, I thought thou couldst spy me amongst a hundred honest men.  
A man may see that love will creep where it cannot go,  
Ha my sweet, and too sweet : shall I say the tother sweet ?

Pegge. I, say it and spare not.

Will. Nay, I will not say I will sing it,

Thou art mine own sweet-heart,

From thee i'le never depart :

Thou art my Cipedilly,

And I thy Tran-didown-dilly,

And sing Hey ding a ding,

And when tis down, not misse,

To give my wench a kisse :

And then dance canst thou not hit it :

Ho brave William Cricket !

How like you this Grannam ?

Mother Mid. Marry Gods benison light o'th thy good heart for'e :

Ha that I were young again !

Yfaith I was and old doer at these Long-songs, when I was a Girle.

Nurse. Now by the Mary mattens, Pegge, thou hast got the merriest wooer in all women-shire.

Pegge. Faith I am none of those that love nothing but Tum dum diddle.

# WILY BEGVILDE.

If he had not been a merry shaver, I would never have had him.

Will. But come my nimble Lasse, let all these matters passe,  
And in a bouncing bravation, lets talk of our copulation :  
VVhat good cheer shall we have to morrow ?  
Old Grandsire Thick-skin, you that sit there as melancholly  
as a mantletree, what will you give us toward this merry  
meeting ?

Gripe. Marry, because you told me a merry Gooses case,  
I'le bestow a fat Goose on you, and God give you good luck.

Mother Mid. Marry well said old Master : eene God give  
them joy indeed, for by my vay, they are a good sweet young  
couple.

Will. Grannam, stand out o' th' way, for here come Gentle-  
folk will run ore you else.

Enter *Fortunatus, Sophos and Lelia.*

Nurse. Master, here comes your Sonne again.

Gripe. Is *Fortunatus* there ?

VVelcomme *Fortunatus*, where's *Sophos* ?

Fortu. Here *Sophos* is, as much ore-worn with love,  
As you with grief for loss of *Lelia*.

Sophos. And ten times more, if it be possible  
The love of *Lelia* is to me more dear,  
Than is a Kingdome, or the richest Crown  
That ere adorn'd the temples of a King.

Gripe. Then welcome *Sophos*, thrice more welcome now  
Than any man on earth, to me or mine.

It is not now with me as late it was,  
I lowr'd at Learning and at Virtue spurn'd,  
But now my heart and mind, and all is turn'd,  
VVere *Lelia* here, I soon would knit the knot  
'Twixt her and thee, that time could ne'r untie,  
Till fatal Sisters, Victory had won,  
And that your glass of life were quite out-run.

Will. Sounds, I think he be spurblind ; why *Lelia* stands  
hard by him,

*Lelia.*

# WILY BEGVILLE.

*Lelia.* And *Lelia* here falls prostrate on her knee,  
And craves a pardon for her late offence.

*Gripe.* What, *Lelia* my Daughter? stand up w<sup>ch</sup> :  
Why now my joy is full,  
My heart is lightned of all sad annoy,  
Now farewell grief, and welcome home my joy.  
Here, *Sophos*, take thy *Lelia* hand :  
Great God of Heaven your hearts combine,  
In vertues lore to raise a happy Line.

*Sophos.* Now *Pbaeton* hath checkt his fiery Steeds,  
And quencht these burning beams that late were wont  
To melt my waxen wings, when as I soar'd aloft :  
And lovely *Venus* smiles with fair asp<sup>r</sup>t  
Upon the spring<sup>s</sup> time of our sacred love :  
Thou great Commander of the circled Orbs,  
Grant that this League of lasting amity,  
May lie recorded by Eternity.

*Lelia.* Then wisht content knit up your Nuptial right,  
And future joyes, our former griefs requite.

*Will.* Nay, and you be good at that, i'le tell you what we'l  
doe ;  
*Pegge* and I must be married to morrow, and if you will,  
We'l all goe to Church together, and so save Sir *John* a  
labour.

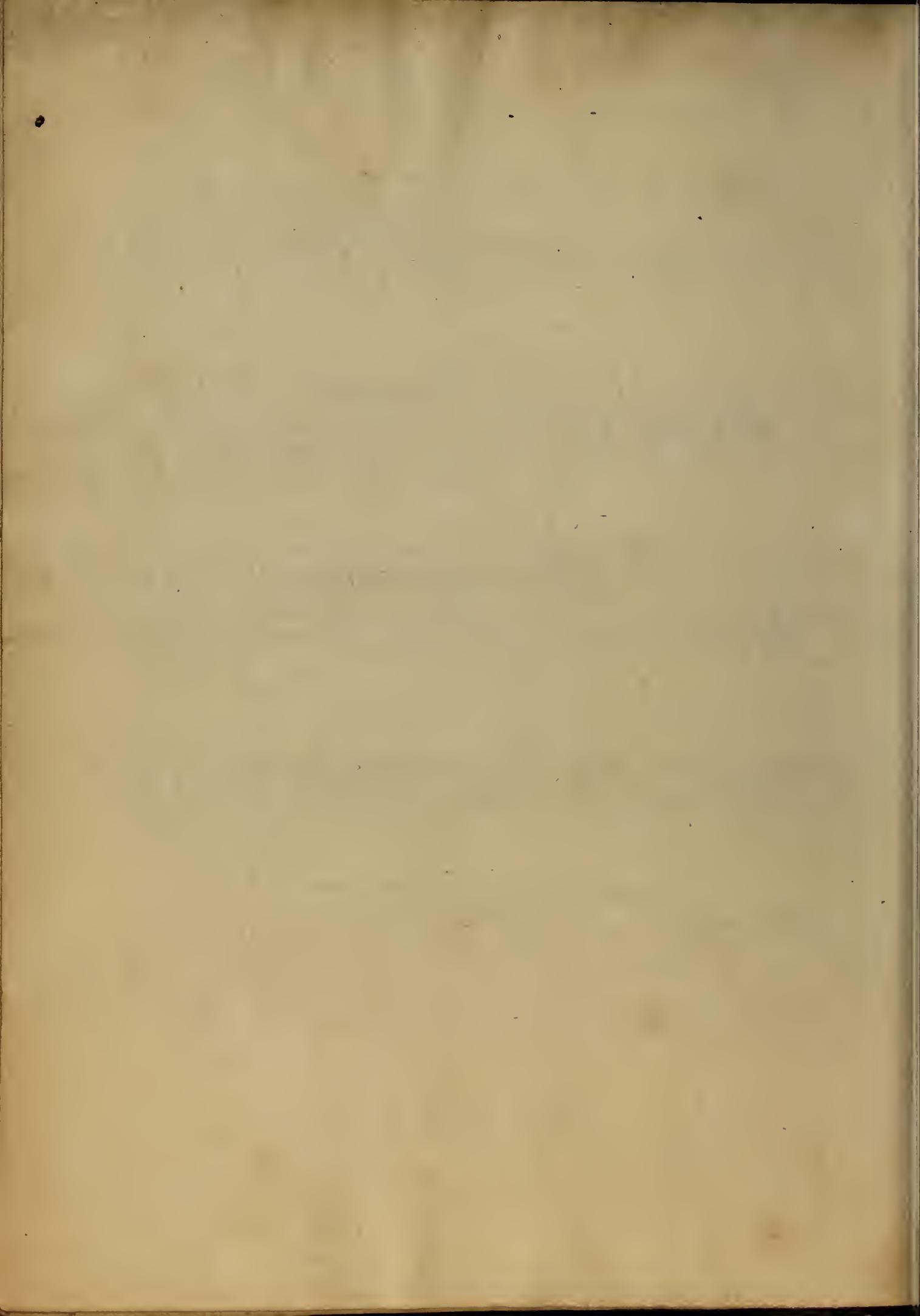
*All.* Agreed.

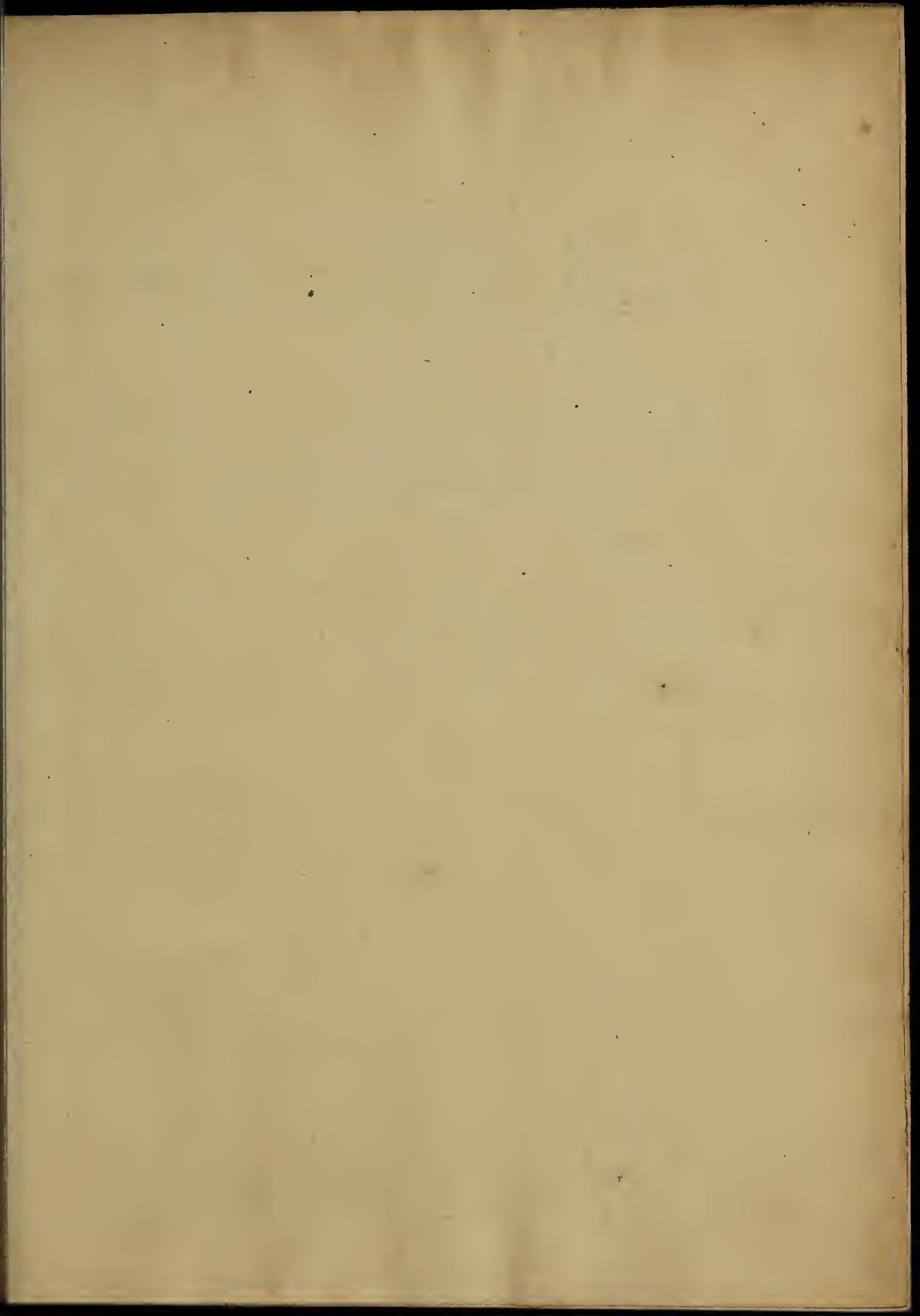
*Fortu.* Then march along, and let's begone,  
To solemnize two marriages in one.

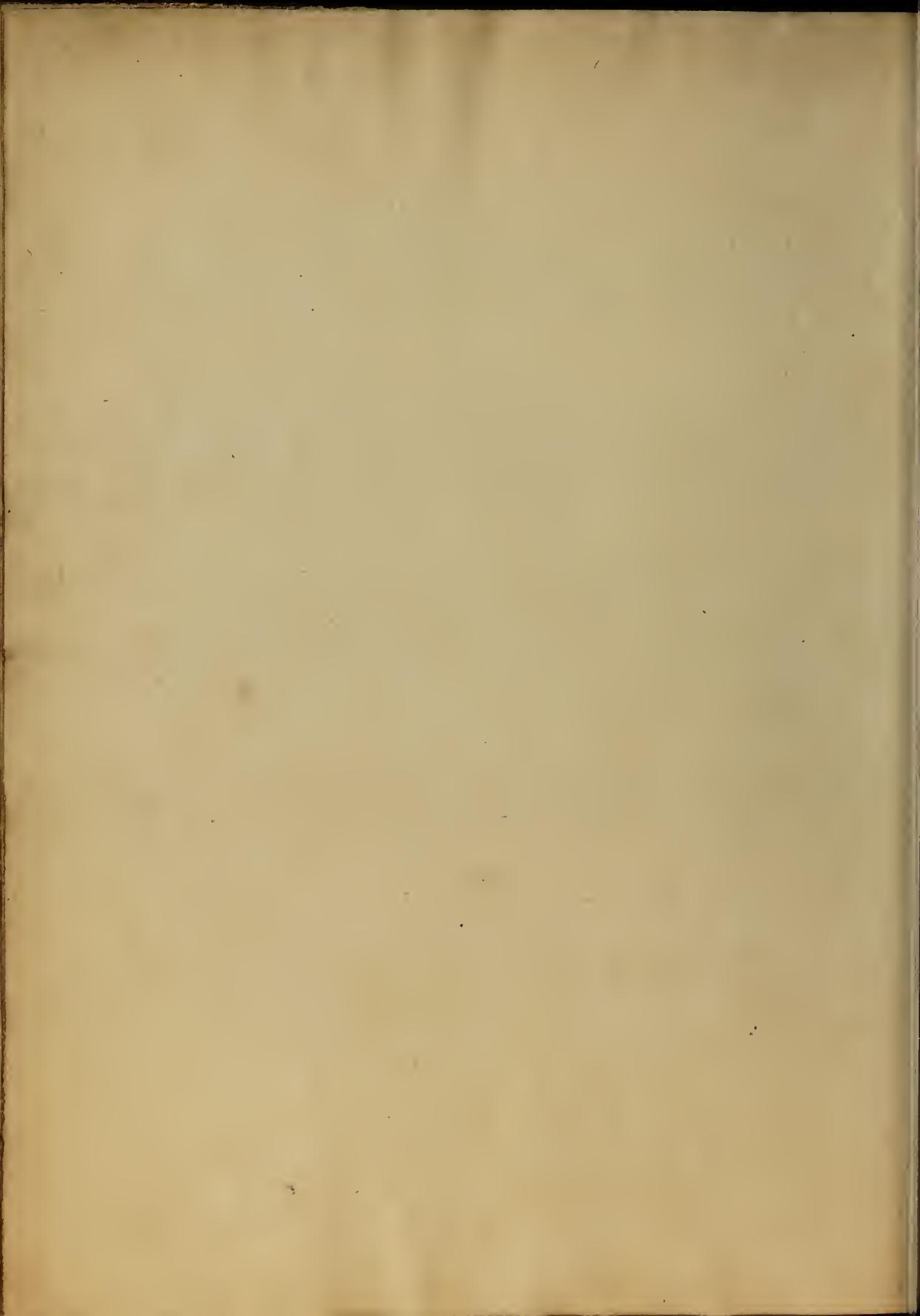
*Exeunt Omnes.*

*FINIS.*









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